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The General's British Reception.

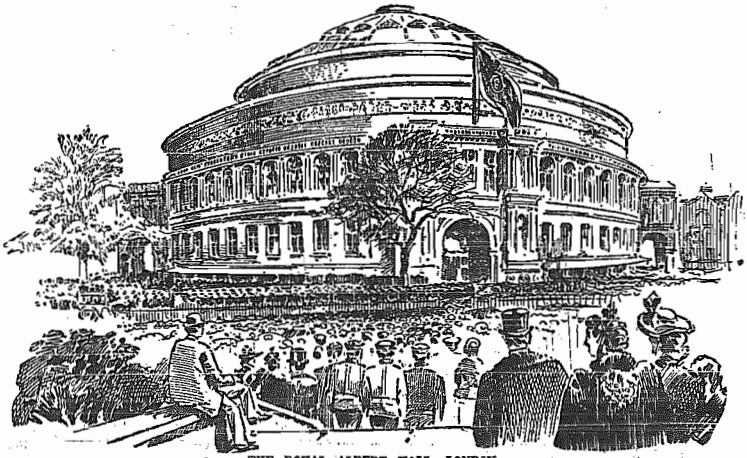
A GORGEOUS SCENE IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

A Series of Spectacular Demonstrations—A Speech by the General Lasting One Hour.

"Dazzling and magnificent," are the terms employed by Commissioner Nicol in describing the wonderful reception given to the General upon his first public appearance in London, after the return from his American and Canadian tour. We have already mentioned the meeting from cable and other reports, but the last English mail brings us an opportunity to give our readers some fine illustrations, giving an idea of that glorious meeting, and furnishing us with a description by the British Editor-in-Chief, from which we give the following extracts:

Dazzling and magnificent! This but feebly expresses one's feeling on first gazing upon the scene at the General's Welcome Home from America, in the Royal Albert Hall, last Monday night. From the platform the view was en-

(*Continued on page 4.*)



THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

THE GENERAL'S APPEARANCE.—"ALL THE PEOPLE WERE ON THEIR FEET CHEERING AT THE TOP OF THEIR VOICES."

The Church and the Army,

Or, HOW IT OUGHT TO BE.

Hard on the churches and chapels? hard on the ministers, too?
Why, bless yer heart, I loves the lot—especially them as is true!
There isn't one I wouldn't help, if I seed 'em in any harm;
I'd prevent 'em gettin' coldish, or starchy, or lukewarm.
I'd black their boots, or comb their hair; I'd fan 'em if' twas hot—
So Satan says I'm against 'em, but the Lord He knows I'm not.
Nor is the Salvation Army, nor the dear old Army drum,
As has been the means of callin' so many sinners to come.
We are the friends o' the churches, and they is findin' it out,
An' some of 'em beats us hollow when they begins for to shout.

Now, just cock your ear an' listen. This happened the other day—
'Twould've happened a deal sight sooner if God could but have His way:
The Rev. Richard Richardson invited our Captain Strong,
Big drum an' all, said he to him, "You can bring your band along."
And he did—a tam' an' a fife—an' a rattlin' time we had,
Though some o' the worldly people went out, sayin' we were mad!
Never you sneer at church members. Look yer on that blessed day;
I laughed an' cried in turns, I did, to see 'em prayin' away.
An' the sinners as come to God, a-kneelin' out on the floor—
If there was a dozen or two, I counted fully a score!

Of course, some said 'twas excitement, an' some again wouldn't come
For fear o' pollutin' the church, they said, with the Army drum!
(Enough we never gave it a strike, for the Captain thought it best
To give our bell, for once in a while, a kind of a sort o' rest.)
My, we got 'em to clap their hands, for the Captain says aloud:
"All o' you do as me," he says, "as is not too old nor proud."
And it did 'em a deal o' good, an' *fetched* 'em, the parson said,
For many of 'em was start lukewarm—as if they was sent to bed.

Next week the Rev. Richardson returned the visit, you see—
We fixed up a Battle o' Song, an' let in his members free—
And they threw some cash in the box, so helped us on a good bit;
But 'twas what the minister said, as made us feel we was *hit;*
For he said that Almighty God was not as narrow as some
Who thought themselves too precious proud inside our barracks to came;
And he said *he'd* recognize us, for the Lord Jehovah did—
A-blessin' our undertakin's—a fact as could not be hid!
He said he felt somewhat ashamed when he sometimes thought of those
Who would not take a seat in his church for the want o' Sunday clothes;
An' now he went out to look for 'em—in the lanes, you understand—
An' led 'em into the shelter, with a lovin', helpin' hand;
An' he smiled, an' he looked so kind that if we'd a heart o' stone
We would have clapped our hands the same, a-feelin' he was God's own!
For we learnt, as never before, that *he* was a hot one, too,
An' doin' the work as the likes of us would never have learnt to do.

We understands each other now; so when we feels a bit cold,
We plans a warmin'-up visit, as you've already been told.
And the fire of the Holy Ghost is burnin' brighter to-day,
Through the love that is between us, an' shinin' across our way.

An' the minister don't lose much, for God rewards him the more—
His children's got converted now, and is "bound for Canaan's shore."
His wife has left off ornaments, an' dresses an' speaks quite plain.
An' he who was once a smoker, smokes no tobacco again.
The church an' the Army's united for war, as they ought to be;
So the saints in earth and heaven are glad to see us agree.

—W. Ragian Phillips, Adjt.

WALKING WITH GOD.

How prone we are to think that nearness to God is somehow dependent on remoteness from our fellows, yet in both the Old Testament and the New nearness to God is linked with added nearness to God's creatures. Says the disciple who was pre-eminently near and dear to the Son of God: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot love God whom he hath not seen." So it was from the beginning.

Earliest among the sons of men who have been distinguished by their nearness to God stands Enoch. "Enoch walked with God," we are told. A marvelous record that. To walk with God is to live, as it were, a life of divine confidence, for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" And Enoch was agreed with God; his soul moved in rhythm with the stately stepping of the Eternal One. To walk with God is to be like God, to think what God thinks, to choose what God chooses, to love what God loves, to hate what God hates, in short, to share in God's life. To walk with God is to "follow" God's Son, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Thus Enoch walked, sharing God's character, and so sharing God's beatitudes. In briefest phrase, and this, too, from the testimony borne to Enoch in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "He pleased God." Aye, to walk with God is to please God, and to please God is to walk with God. Yet in thus walking with God Enoch was no anchorite or fanatic.

Very suggestive is this little record concerning him: "Enoch walked with God, after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters." No ascetic celebate was he. It was as true of him as it was for us, that character is unfolded and tested in society. The family, not the monastery; society, not the cloister. This is the sphere of the divine promenade. May it be for every one of us, like Enoch, to have witness borne to us even in this world, that we are pleasing God. Thus walking with God we shall keep in everlasting chime with Him, our communion with Him being the ceaseless, blissful melody of the heavenly antiphony.

"WHAT IS IT TO DIE?"

What is it to die? It is the end of strife,
It is the waking, ere the dawn of life;
It is to reach the land, the journey o'er,
And view the traversed ocean from the shore.
It is to sigh no more, to feel no pain,
No sultry summer's sun, no wintry rain,
No more o'er human wrongs and woes to weep,
No more by opiates lulled to sorrow's sleep.
You see the crowned Redeemer high in Glory,
You hear them sing the sacrificial story,
You see the martyrs glorified for ever,
You drink with them from life's perennial river.
O death, if thou be warder at the gate,
If at thy realms my soul must await
Admittance to the radiant bar of God,
If none by other paths to heaven hath trod,
I fear thee not, thy presence shall be sweet;
Come when thou listest, with thy noiseless feet;
Thou canst but loose the silver cord and break
The golden bowl, but I awake
In God's own presence, in His light to dwell,
Beyond thy power, O baffled King of Hell.

—By the late Rev. W. C. McKinnon, who was once a Roman Catholic, afterwards a Wesleyan preacher.

SERMONETTES.

The True Light.

"And the light shineth out of darkness; and the darkness apprehendeth it not."—JOHN i. 5.

In a coal mine. Ofttimes a thick, black darkness is found in a mine, and though you hang up a light you can hardly see any distance backwards or forwards. Souls perishing in sin are in like condition, looking this way and that way for light, they seek a way of escape from sin without coming to Jesus, the great Light of the World. Look away, brother and sister, from self and your feelings to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.—A. F. Friday, Edmonton.

The Night.

"The night cometh when no man can work."—JOHN ix. 4.

This verse contains a solemn warning to saint and sinner alike. Look, the shadows are falling, the twilight is vanishing, the black darkness of night is swiftly creeping around us. Our precious time is almost gone. Our opportunities, golden and beautiful as they have been, are slipping quickly from our grasp. Our life will soon be ended, for the night is coming.

Is not this God's warning voice, pleading tenderly and patiently with the weary and heavy-laden, bidding them come to Him and find rest?

It plainly tells us that time is not our own, that soon we will not be able to call upon a merciful God for pardon, that the last chance will be gone for ever. Consider well the true meaning of that awful word "night." Death is coming to each of us. Oh, may we be ready for that moment! Hurry home, sinner; Jesus is coming; the angels are waiting to sing the welcome chorus.—Capt. Meeks.

Jesus Our Best Friend.

"Behold . . . a Friend of publicans and sinners."—MATT. xi. 19.

A Friend of that poor, besotted drunk, a Friend of that young man who seems to be fast going to ruin, a Friend of that poor outcast, a Friend of that seemingly unapproachable hard-hearted man or woman.

Oh, what love! "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

"Ye are My friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."—ST. JOHN xv. 14.

No more a one-sided affair, but the middle wall of partition broken down. "If ye do whatsoever I command you." Man in communion with God. Oh, what bliss!

Outward sorrows may come, earthly friends may frown, but One to whom we can always go, who is ever the same.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. iii. 20.

"Friendship with Jesus, fellowship divine;
Oh, what blessed, sweet communion, Jesus is a Friend of mine." J. E. L.

"True friendship profits and exalts. A friend may be a second conscience. The consciousness of what he expects from us may be a spur to a high endeavor. The mere memory that he exists, though it be at a distance, may stifle unworthy thoughts and prevent unworthy actions. Even when the fear of facing our own conscience might not be strong enough to restrain us from evil, the knowledge that our conduct will have to encounter his judgment will make the commission of what is base intolerable."—Stalker.

Salvationists' Faults.

BY ROY RAMBLER.

What, writing up the weak sides of Salvationists, and exposing us to the ridicule of sinners! Surely this is the wrong place to discuss such themes. A Salvationist should not have any faults, anyway.

"Should not," did you say? True, theoretically, but circumstancially evidence is against it. A man may be truly converted, and consecrated to the Kingdom, and yet have imperfections—in fact, there are no perfect saints, notwithstanding the truth of holiness, which we teach and believe in. Men are men still, even if saved and sanctified; they are neither angels nor faultless machines.

Then we would ask those who would object, which is preferable: by committing faulty actions daily to raise the question of insincerity in the observant sinner's mind, or by an honest recognition of our faults find out the mischief they may do, and so put ourselves on guard against our failings?

Again, our faults are not peculiar to us, at least the real cause of such, but by belonging to a peculiar organization, with peculiar methods, some of our faults manifest themselves in a peculiar way, which in others would be shown in a different manner, which, as a rule, is less conspicuous.

The great key to success and development was named rightly by one of the seven sages of ancient Greece: "Know thyself." A knowledge of our weakness is the surest way to strengthen and fortify us, and to be wiser and more charitable in dealing with our weaker brothers, bringing us to a better conception of the magnitude of His grace and love.

I propose to take up, from week to week, one of our faults, which often causes our actions to be misconstrued by friends and sinners, and gives rise to harsh and bitter comments.

I.—Thoughtlessness.

The fault of thoughtlessness, I believe, is most frequently met with. Under certain conditions it may seem like inconsideration of others, or even like gross selfishness, which it is often branded by ill-disposed persons, and it gives rise to much misunderstanding and bitterness that estranges, when at the bottom only thoughtlessness is found.

There are certain people who believe that having found pardon their heart is put right, and now they must not "take thought for anything" except that which seems all-important. They are happy in their new-found joy; they like to see others saved; they come to marches and meetings; do what they are told to do; sell War Crys, if they are asked to sell them, and in many respects are a help to the corps and officers. Yet they are afraid to think much.

THEY DO NOT REFLECT

when the proper time would be to say "Amen!" or "Hallelujah!" and often spoil an excellent meeting by causing a laugh, when conviction is gripping the audience. Like a dear fellow I knew who shouted "Hallelujah!" just when I had raised the hair of an audience by a graphic description of the moment when Jonah was thrown overboard, and the mighty jaws of that huge fish swung open to receive him. In another instance the leader of a holiness meeting asked for testimonies of the blessing or a clean heart, when Weeping Mary rose to address the audience on the evils of drink and asks the drunkard to give his heart to God, when not an unsaved person was in that meeting. Shouting John jumps up and sings "The old ark's a-moving," just when the Captain has labored and exhorted the crowd for twenty minutes, and having brought numbers to the point of genuine conviction, is about to draw in the net. Happy Jim prays for everything and everybody but the poor man kneeling at the penitent form, and so we could multiply instances *ad lib.* where thoughtlessness has more or less interfered with the results of an otherwise well-conducted meeting. Many officers can recite similar and stronger incidents. Who has not been annoyed by the half-loud conversations on the platform while the people are straining their hearing to catch the words of the speaker, or has not seen the spell of conviction which had settled upon a conscience-stricken crowd removed by unnecessary movements or fidgety and ridiculous actions of some thoughtless person. "Oh, I am so sorry; I didn't mean anything!" they exclaim when told about it. Of course they didn't mean to do any harm, they were only thoughtless.

THEY ARE THOUGHTLESS IN THE OPEN-AIR.

Being thoughtless, their mind and attention are caught and held by every passing incident while standing in the open-air ring. While the rest have their eyes closed in prayer they are so intent on watching a passing rig that they do not notice it. When testimonies are given they look around the crowd, and seeing a funny individual, are so taken by surprise that they must call the next comrade's attention to it, and loudly whisper, with some smiles, their observation. Both turn to look, and many in the crowd follow the direction of their gaze to discover the cause of the merriment, with the result that the saved drunkard's words are lost in the hubbub. While a few earnest soldiers strain their voices to raise the choruses, one of these thoughtless souls thinks it an opportune moment to talk freely to Mrs. Brown, inquiring after the baby, and other members of her family.

This class of Salvationists is thoughtless on the street, going to, and coming from, the meetings. They forget that people are watching them. They giggle and joke in loud voices to be heard across the street. They forget to shake hands with the penitent soul which came forward, and when he passes them on the street expecting a friendly smile and an encouraging word, they look in a different direction; not because they want to snub him, but they are thoughtless and don't remember him.

They heard of Brother Jones' illness, but, being thoughtless, they forgot to call and see him, and when they heard of his death they expressed their sorrow at not having visited him during his sickness, but the poor widow keenly feels the neglect. They go to see the officers, which is nice, but because they are well received and enjoy their visit they stay for two or three hours, hindering their work. They are willing to help in collecting for any effort, but forget to think it out beforehand. They call on the grocer on a Saturday night, when he is busiest, or on the business man when his office is crowded with commercial visitors, or go unthinkingly over ground where one or two soldiers have been before. They mean well, but are thoughtless. They preach to the drunkard when he is unable to understand a word, or exhort a prisoner in jail on the evils of theft for which he is incarcerated, and if they were asked to read from the Bible they would read the Prodigal Son. They invite, when fishing, the scoffer and sceptic to the penitent form, spend half an hour with a man who enjoys arguing about where Cain's wife came from, while they forget to look up those who, by their contenance and demeanor, show concern about their soul's salvation.

There are innumerable ways in which thoughtlessness is shown; it can be observed in the general appearance, in the careless way of dressing, in the use of slang phrases, and the multitude of words to express nothing in particular, in listless behavior on the platform and in meetings, in the neglect of others' claim upon our sympathy and consideration.

If you should be numbered among the thoughtless, resolve to make it a part of your daily prayers to ask God to help you to be thoughtful, and with the exercise of more thought you will find greater avenues of usefulness and happiness, and become a better reflector of the image of God in your soul.

The One Hundredth.

WHO did not know John? Everyone did, for in and out of court he had been a conspicuous figure for years—by his family quarrels; in his sprees, when he had kept the authorities busy; or when he had brought the hot blood of shame to the cheeks of his children as in drunken excitement he had paraded the streets on a work-worn and weary animal. Again and again he had "braced up." Friends had helped him to his feet, and just as it seemed reformation was probable down came everything, and the wreck was greater than ever before. His case was hopeless. Gradually his property slipped "down the red lane," until in self-defence, one by one, the family was forced to self-support, and the sad and faded "old woman," whose hardened hands had cracked and stiffened to claw-like talons, thin and pinched, went to her long home and the rest she could not enjoy in life.

* * * *

"I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise is continually in my mouth.

"My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. The humble shall hear and be glad.

"Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

The man with the familiar red shirt and banded cap of the Salvation Army, spoke with the earnestness and intentness of conviction, not with the careless volubility of the street-preacher, and his words drew the attention of the idlers of the street. They gathered at the edge of the sidewalk on the hotel corner, near which the little Army stood in battle array; and business men paused in their hurry of trade as the speaker continued:

"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

Then, as if relating a personal experience, he said with pathetic tenderness:

"This poor man cried and the Lord heard and saved him out of all his troubles.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

His wrinkled face, aged by dissipation and bronzed by the burning suns and biting winds of the prairie, shone with the light of perfect assurance. His rude, irregular features became transformed and his voice magnetic as he passionately cried with the Psalmist:

"Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good."

And there was almost the benediction of a patriarch as he softly repeated it, and added:

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

It was new—the way he put it—and the audience grew as others stopped to see what held the first so intently. Many had listened to the songs of the girls with interest in the music alone, conscious of the familiar rhythm of popular songs, but heedless of the new words. But the speaker needed no other attraction than his presence and power. His voice grew strong and a familiar tremor was noticed as he went on:

"The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears open unto their cry.

"They cry and the Lord heareth and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

"The Lord is night unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

"The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."

It was years since he had spoken to any who listened to him now, so eagerly. His voice wavered, but he went on:

"I acknowledged my sins unto Thee and mine iniquity I have not hid.

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered!"

* * * *

And then they knew that John had reformed.
—Jamestown, N.D., Daily Capital.

"The unfinished friendships of this life are at once its dearest experiences, and most glorious hopes."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The General's British Reception.

(*Continued from page 1.*)

thralling, magnetic. The Hall resembled a mountain of humanity, and one stood as an atom in a world of space.

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The ascending stalls, enlivened by encircling stripes of yellow, red, and blue, formed the base. The sweeping three ranges of boxes is the largest, most majestic balcony in the world. It will seat four thousand, and it was dense with people. Above it is a table-like summit, peering from which were hundreds and hundreds of seemingly mute, transfixed spectators.

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It was truly a wonderful vision. From these positions all eyes were toward the moving, glittering panorama of human beings in the arena and on the orchestra. The effulgent light revealed everything—the art of the designer (the Chief of the Staff) and the skill of the organizers (Commissioner Coombs and Colonel Hay). Bands covered half a score of tiers on the orchestra, red and yellow; higher up, songsters, white and pale blue; and the mighty galleries, north and south of the grand organ, sparkled with red and yellow.

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We take all this in at a glance, feast on it for a moment or two, gasp an exclamation of wonderment, and then—sigh! Fifty thousand people have begged and clamored for tickets, and here are *only* ten or twelve thousand!—withal the biggest crowd that could be spoken to, so as to be heard, in England—perhaps in the world.

Then we think of the crowd outside in the cold and in the drizzle, standing for hours on the off-chance of breaking down, by the eloquence of their tears and pleadings, the official resistance of the man in buttons.

Dear souls! How they love the General!

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Like some old-time chieftain, the General received the greetings of his Staff, who headed a procession of representatives of all the departments of Army work. First came the old guard, the Commissioners, their hair streaked with grey, one or two showing the white of their scalps, but all grave as becometh men of their station. Their partners walked by their sides—a goodly heritage.

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Well-known faces in the International group passed from right to left, also in noble file, bearing themselves erect. The Editors bore the cudgels of their craft, as likewise did the Trade and Printing Staffs. Whereat the eyes of the illiterate in the boxes—it is remarkable how little people know!—opened. "They had no idea," etc.

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A touch of humanity was given to the procession, after the doughty men of the nation—Colonel Hay, Colonel Eadie, Provincial, Training, Divisional, Field, and Local Officers—had waved their salutes, by the appearance of those ministering angels of the poor, the Slum Officers. Clad in their everyday habit, bearing the utensils of their Samaritan labors, visions of rookeries and dingy alleys flitted across our imagination. The General's eyes were a study in compassion at this moment.

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Patriotism, mingled with salvation hope, rose when Staff-Capt. Murray headed a band of naval and soldier boys; and then came the flowing tide om Salvationism as applied to dark and barren fields.

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Commissioner Cox, with Staff from the Women's Social Work, beamed on their General. Wardens appropriately carried a lifeboat design, and Home Mothers, Officers of Service-Girls, Laundry Workers, Work-room Officers, Ragged Children—"before and after"—Pedlars, Nurses, Police-Court and Cell Visitors, and Officers from the Shelters presented, in striking form, the greatest lesson, perhaps, which the Church of Christ needs to learn to-day, viz., that we cannot lift up humanity without going down to it.

Colonel Sturgess, of the City Colony, came along proclaiming this Gospel with every conceivable article picked up, bought, sold, and manufactured for the good of downtrodden and degraded mankind. Model barracks, benches, tables, chairs, loads of waste, etc., were carried. The audience laughed, applauded, and shouted, and waved their compliments.

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The whole was fittingly brought to a climax by the entrance of Colonel Lamb, the Governor of the Land Colony. Here another item in the Army's vast work was illustrated. Humanity has not only to be lifted up, but it can only be done in stages. The Colony walked on the platform of the Royal Albert Hall with bundles of illustrations of this fact. Men from the Probationary Farm, semi-tattered and worsted in the battle of life, were succeeded by men from, it seemed, a hundred and one industries, terminating in a contingent of robust, cheerful fellows, each carrying a kit for the journey (which they have since begun) to Canada as emigrants.

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As to the matter of the General's address, it was perfect in form, embracing a brief report on the leaders of the Army in America and Canada, a description of the journey, and the principal victories of the campaign. It glowed with sincere appreciation of the New World and its opportunities and possibilities; and as an influence, the General's Albert Hall speech will go a long way in strengthening the best ties that connect Great Britain with the United States. The address was illuminated with the general's well-guarded, practical, humor, and adorned with story and illustration. But the dominant note was Christ for the hopeless, the prodigal, and the lost; and the world for Christ, the Redeemer of souls, the Saviour of the world.

His closing thoughts were chiefly devoted to a recognition of the work done in his absence under the guidance of the Chief, and the noble Self-Denial result, but his last words deserve to be printed in gold and engraved on the memory and heart of every Salvation soldier:

"On your own target four words are inserted: Righteousness—right with God; Goodness—you must be good in heart and life; Love—you must love the bodies and souls of your fellows to fight for them; Perseverance—you must hold on to the last. *You have got your target; what will you do with it?*"

Peter Cartwright at a Dance.

During the days of circuit preachers the renowned Peter Cartwright, while on one of his circuit rides, chanced, on a certain occasion, to stop at a country tavern where a dance was being held. He sat in a corner alone, pondering over the sins of the dancers, when one of them, a beautiful young lady, approached him and asked him to dance. It was a polite attention to a stranger, which the entire company seemed to approve. He consented, and, leading her to the centre of the room, motioned to the negro fiddler to stop playing. When quiet was obtained he announced that he never did anything of importance without first asking God's blessing upon it, and, drawing the young lady with him, he fell upon his knees, shouting, "Let us pray." The people present were astonished. Some of them followed his example and knelt, others fled, and others stood in amazement. Soon his great voice in prayer and exhortation produced its effect, and the entire community fell, begging for mercy. The dance was turned into a religious meeting, and many were converted.

Great Britain's Thirst.

The drink bill of Great Britain and Ireland, although the figures for 1902 show a decrease in the money spent upon drink by over £2,000,000, as compared with those of 1901, exceeds the whole expenditure upon the Government, Army and Navy, and Civil Service; it is greater than the entire sum paid for rent; and it is far in excess of the outlay upon all religious, educational, and charitable objects put together.

HOLINESS AND BACKSLIDING.

HOLINESS.

The sweetest of all pearls is holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14.

Holiness enjoyed, the following is the outcome:

Our life is consecrated to the work of saving souls, whether we are a humble soldier, or a Colonel.

We have a willing spirit, willing to do any duty that is laid upon us, if at all possible, without a flinch.

We love God with all our hearts; we love our neighbors as ourselves.

Holiness will be our theme; we will love holiness meetings and knee-drills on Sunday mornings.

We will not miss a meeting, if we can get there, even if we have to make some sacrifice.

We will be glad to give a real, definite testimony to when and how we got the blessing.

We will pay our debts, we will be punctual, we will keep our promise, we will love open-air work.

If a Salvationist, we will love uniform, and wear it always if possible.

If we enjoy holiness, in or out of the Army, we will dress plainly and soberly, we will preach against all worldliness in any form.

We will hate the spirit of the world, and have no fellowship with the unsaved.

We will be holy in all manner of conversation.

We will be praying men and women.

We will live to do the whole will of God.

We will be holy examples in all things, and at last have an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven.

BACKSLIDING.

Oh, would to God we knew nothing of this enemy of holiness. C. G. Finney used to say, "Flee from lukewarmness as you would flee from hell fire."

Solomon's proverbs say, "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." We see this truth verified continually.

When we begin to decline spiritually, we have not the fiery love in our hearts for God's will, we are not watchful, we cease to wait upon Him, and lose love for souls.

When backsliding, it can be noticed in our very manner, and in our testimony.

God's Word is neglected, and we lose the taste for spiritual reading.

Backsliding is noticed by the company we keep, by the neglect of attending holiness and other meetings.

We begin to give way to pride, and show it in our dress; if a Salvationist, we begin to lay aside the uniform.

We begin to find fault with our comrades, or officers, or Headquarters.

We take our eyes off the Creator, and set them on the creature; if a Candidate for the work, when backsliding we renounce the purpose of devoting our lives to soul-saving.

Reader, are you backsliding? or are you a real heart-backslider already? If so, God says, "I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear: and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see." (Rev. iii. 18.)—F. C. Kendall, Adjt.

His Father's Will.

A God-fearing man was one day walking to church with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Price."

"Ah, good-morning," replied he. "I am reading my Father's will as I walk along."

"Well, what has he left you?" said his friend.

"Why, He has bequeathed me a hundred-fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

World's Oldest Salvationist.

"Dad" Morrell, After Saying "Welcome" to His General, is Promoted to the Gloryland.

Brother William Morrell, the Nottingham centenarian, and, doubtless, the oldest Salvationist in the world, has gone into the presence of the King of kings.

He heard the angel's summons on the morning of April 1st. Without a fear he answered to his name.

Our veteran comrade had reached the remarkable age of 103. His splendid vitality sustained him in a wonderful way until a few days of his promotion.

It is but six weeks ago that he stood shoulder to shoulder with his comrades in the open-air, and this, too, despite the pouring rain.

His devotion to duty should put to shame those who raise feeble quibblings about getting up early in order to go to the house of God. For seventeen years out of the twenty he was a Salvationist, he never missed a knee-drill.

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The last words of Brother Morrell were "Welcome—welcome!" They were uttered by him as he stepped into the chariot.

He had been reminded by Ensign Valiance that the General was being accorded a great reception at the Albert Hall, London. It was then that the old warrior, almost with the glint of the Golden City in his eyes, and with his heart beating loyally to his General and the flag, uttered the words mentioned.

The following telegram was despatched from Dad Morrell's home, and received by the General at the Albert Hall not long before the conquering spirit of the centenarian Salvationist went to God:

"'Welcome! Welcome!' From the quivering lips of a dying veteran, Dad Morrell, aged 103. Soldier Notts I. corps."

Brother Morrell's career was both a striking and interesting one. To make oneself acquainted with the facts concerning it is to fill one with praise to God, who was able to change the lion into the lamb; to transfer, by His grace, the companion of those who ended their days on the gallows into a valiant soldier of the cross, and a much-loved comrade in the fight.

The following information, related by our comrade, in a conversation with an interviewer, recently, emphasizes the truth of what we have said:

Brother Morrell was born at Hickling on January 7th, 1801.

"The first thing I can recollect in my life," said he, "was living in what had been known as 'dog kennels,' on Leen-side, at the age of six. My father was a shoemaker. He had been taught the trade by the French prisoners who were confined in the county jail in Nottingham during the reign of George III. He used to mend the prisoners' shoes, and I sometimes used to take the shoes, after they had been repaired, to the prison. I commenced work about the age of eight, for Mr. Acott, a boot and shoe dealer, of Long Row. The business was afterwards taken over by Mr. Parnham, for whom I worked seventeen years, and I was employed by Mr. Martin sixteen years.

"I made the shoes for the men to wear at the first prize fight in Nottingham. The fighters were Dick Hill and George Atkinson, and they fought by the Trent side, near Clifton Hall.

"My father was a famous wrestler, and won many prizes. I recollect him winning two guineas in a wrestling match at Bunny. Later I took to fighting, and I developed into one of the best fighters of the day." (This was spoken with feelings of regret.) "I won several prizes, and occasionally fought for money.

"I sadly remember that the first fight I had was with a man named Brown, on Blue Bell Hill. We fought two hours and twenty minutes, and I was blind for three days after. The combat ended in a draw. It is seventy years ago since that battle took place.

"The last time I was matched to fight—it should have taken place at Leeds—my opponent would not meet me; he forfeited. We were then to have fought for a good sum.

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"On one occasion I was in jail with 'Collie' Eason, who was afterwards hanged for setting fire to Lowe's mill, at Beeston. His sister went for my pair of white breeches for her brother to be hanged in. That shows what a character I had been to be associated with such a crew. I can remember a good many who had a hand in setting fire to the Nottingham Castle, but I don't want to name them. We did about as we liked then."

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After he had steadied down he entered the Police Force. He was, in fact, the first policeconstable in Nottingham, being one of a dozen men under a certain Sergeant Barnes. He remained in the Force for about two years. He was afterwards head male nurse at the Nottingham Hospital.

Brother Morrell attributed his conversion to the earnest efforts of a local preacher. He became as zealous for God as he had been in the service of sin, and won many souls for Christ.

He assisted the Rev. Jas. Caughey during a revival in the city, between thirty and forty years ago, during which nearly a thousand people professed conversion.

One Sunday he walked thirty-two miles to preach the Gospel, and on many occasions covered very long distances to carry the good tidings of salvation to the people of the villages.

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As a Salvationist, he was one of the best. Through the stormiest weather this old veteran plodded to the meetings in order to do his part in the war against wrong.

His last address was given in the barracks several weeks ago. In it he showed the difference between happiness which the world gives and the joy of salvation. The logical and convincing way he put the case revealed the fact that his mind was as clear as his heart was warm.

His influence on the soldiers and townspeople was great, and many are the testimonies given to the good his life has done.

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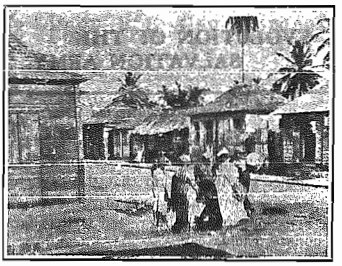
In accordance with his earnest wish, our comrade's remains were laid to rest beneath the flag he loved, in the presence of a multitude of soldiers and friends of the city in which he had spent his life of more than five score years.



Natives Taking Water, St. Lucia, W.I.

France.

Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Peyron has conducted a drawing-room meeting in Pau, near the Pyrenees in the South of France. The friends who met there were greatly interested in the report of our work, towards which they contributed over $100.

A Paris Poster.

In all parts of the city of Paris, amid the other official placards and notices (some of which are gayly printed in red, white, and blue) is a large white poster in clear black type, bearing the striking words: "Alcoholism: Its Dangers," in glaring headlines. The wording of this unique placard is in part as follows: "It is a mistake to say that alcohol is necessary for workmen who engage in arduous labor, that it gives encouragement to the work, or that it builds up the forces; the artificial stimulus that it brings about quickly gives place to nervous depression and weakness; in reality, alcohol is useful to no one, it is hurtful to all. . The habit of drinking brings in its train loss of affection for one's family, forgetfulness of all social duties, distaste for work, misery, robbery, and crime. It leads, at last, to the hospital; for alcoholism begets the most various and deadly maladies. With reference to the health of the individual, the existence of the family, and the future of the country, alcoholism is one of the most terrible scourges."

Commissioner Higgins, Resident Indian Secretary, was expected in England last week, on combined furlough and special business affecting India.

Some of the Boys who Applied last week for Tickets to Oakville Camp.

Goderich Musicians.

Lt. Davis Sis. M. Jones. Sis. F. Ross. Sis. Eva Jones. Capt. Woods.

EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.—(*Continued.*)

We have entered into details more than we had any intention of doing at the onset, but we were under the impression that the particulars we have given would not be read without special interest by our friends interested in that far-off Missionary Field.

Even in Japan there are many aspects of our work. Our operations there do not merely consist of meetings and marches, but, as we have already described to some extent, the Army has been reaching out a helping hand to many in the lowest stratas of society. We referred exhaustively to the mighty effort the S. A. put forth to rescue fallen women, and informed our readers in a previous issue of the happy result of the campaign. We also briefly referred to our Prison Gate Work, but as we have now some up-to-date and interesting particulars from the pen of Colonel Bullard, who is in command of Japan, relative to this special branch, we take pleasure in giving our readers the benefit of the same.

THE GENERAL'S SOCIAL SCHEME APPLIED.

The amount of crime, states the Colonel, is not greater in Japan than in other countries; probably less than in many of those which are supposed to have reached a higher moral and social position.

According to the latest returns, the total number of prisoners in the jails and other penal establishments in the empire is 57,921.

There is an elaborate system of registration; everyone has to be registered, and the police notified of any change of residence.

There is also a very efficient and well-organized force of police in every part of the empire, who exercise close and even irksome supervision. In consequence of this, much crime is no doubt prevented, and criminal acts seldom escape detection.

Those who have been convicted of any offence, and suffered a term of imprisonment, are followed by the shadow of ther crime, or the consequences of their imprisonment, through the rest of their lives.

At the expiration of their term of imprisonment they must still remain for six months under police surveillance, and someone must stand as a guarantee for their good behaviour for the period. Failing to find a satisfactory guarantee, they have to remain in prison for this further term after their sentence proper has expired.

Then an ex-prisoner suffers a number of very serious disabilities, and is denied the exercise of many rights enjoyed by others.

Soon after our arrival in Japan, a small Home to receive discharged prisoners was opened in Tokyo. This was the first institution of the kind in Japan. This Home did a quiet but helpful work, and attracted a good deal of attention to the needs of this class, so that since a number of institutions of a similar character have been opened.

A little more than two years ago the Home was removed into larger and more suitable premises, accommodating forty men, and since that time a very successful work has been accomplished.

The following figures, showing the result for the past year, will give an idea of what is being done:

No. of Inmates at Beginning of Year..	32	
No. Received During Year	50	
		— 82
No. Sent to Employment	22	
No. Sent to Friends	11	
No. Left with Permission	2	
No. Left Unsatisfactory	14	
No. Now in the Home	33	
		— 82

The General's principle that all who eat must work, is carefully carried out. Employment is secured outside the Home for all, by the officer in charge. The sympathy of many large employers of labor makes this comparatively easy in normal times, though during seasons of depression some difficulty is experienced.

It is gratifying that the men almost invariably give satisfaction to their employers. It is seldom indeed that we receive complaint regarding their conduct; but, on the other hand, we frequently receive expressions of satisfaction from the men's employers. Some of the inmates are employed in the Government Arsenal, others by the city corporation, road repairing, etc., others by contractors and business firms.

From their earnings the men pay for their support, their clothing, and other necessaries, the balance is deposited with the officer in charge, and given them when they leave, either to start them in business, or in furnishing a home, or some other such purpose.

The conduct of the men while in the Home is exemplary. It is very seldom that there is a breach of discipline, or wilful departure from the simple rules of the institution.

(*To be continued.*)

DAILY READINGS ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—HEB. v. 19.

Yet there are some who offer in return for our sure and certain hope of a hereafter, the fleeting pleasures of the earth, which are here to-day and are gone to-morrow. Not likely we are going to accept them; if we are only faithful and patient we are going to our sure and certain reward.

An English lady observed an aged German peasant stooping in his little patch of ground, all his earthly possession, to pick the pears which fell from its one tree, and said to him:

"You must grow weary in such labor, at your time of life, so bent and burdened with infirmity."

"No, madam! I have been in my time God's working servant; He has promoted me to be His waiting servant. One of these days, when I shall fall as these pears are falling, He will pick me up!"

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MONDAY.

"My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips."—Ps. lxiii. 5.

A religion that does not satisfy all the cravings of the soul is not the religion of Jesus Christ.

All who are walking in the full light, like Faber, can sing—

"There's not a craving of the mind
Thou dost not meet and fill;
There's not a joy the soul can have
Which Thou dost not instil."

But to receive this joy the believer must not only be a true child of God, but must also claim the promise of the Father and possess the Holy Spirit Himself. To do this, the following conditions must be met:

All must be surrendered to God and obedience to Him preached. There must be a confession of the need of cleansing from all inbred sin.

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TUESDAY.

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."—HEB. iv. 12.

It is told of Franklin that at one time in Paris he was greatly ridiculed for his love of the Bible, and that he made up his mind to find out how many of the scoffers had read it. He informed one of the learned societies, of which he was a member, that he had come across a story of pastoral life in ancient times, that appeared to him very beautiful, but that he would like the judgment of the society upon it. On the evening appointed, Franklin had a reader of finely modulated voice read to them the Book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one and another rose to express gratification, admiration, and the desire that the manuscript be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and it is a part of the Bible."

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WEDNESDAY.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."—PROV. xxii. 6.

Said a mother one day: "When my children were young, I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend of my children. I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do.

"I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies with fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now.

"My sons are ministers of the Gospel; my grown-up daughter a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever He has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the very best I could—myself."

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THURSDAY.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—ISA. xxvi. 3.

Do not let anything take our minds off Christ. Sometimes the most trivial things will turn us aside.

Leonardo da Vinci once took a friend to see his great work of the "Last Supper." The first remark of the visitor was, "What a beautiful communion cup it was in front of Christ!" The artist at once took his brush and painted out the cup. "Nothing," he said, "should ever divert attention from Christ." When I have seen a mother holding a child for its likeness to be photographed, I have often been delighted to notice her ingenuity in getting behind the child and concealing herself, giving up the whole picture for her loved one.

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FRIDAY.

"Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."—1 TIM. iv. 12.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthy conversation! It is seen in all directions. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another storey high, and add two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's food—did he buy the cream for his salad, or was it given? etc.); about other people's affairs they are over-curious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle, and Esquire Chitchat, and Governor Small-Talk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come, and sacrifice it to this goddess of Splutter.

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SATURDAY.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."—ISA. xxxv. 8.

As a further means of developing a holy character, you should seek to promote holiness in others. That will help you. Never let any word escape you, which throws doubt upon the great blessing of full salvation. If you are without the blessing yourself, do not cast a doubt upon it. Thank God, the blessing of holiness is a reality which can be enjoyed as a blessed, heaveniy experience.—Commissioner Howard.

Our Local Officers' Page.

JAMESTOWN LOCALS.

Sergt.-Major W. Lenton.

Sergt.-Major Lenton was saved six years ago in Jamestown. Previous to this he was a drunkard and fighter, but now he is a power for good, and a strength to the corps.—Adjt. Dean.

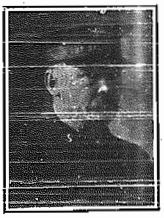
Sec. A. D. Seekins writes: "I was converted eight years ago last February, and received into the church, where I had an 'up-and-down' experience for something like a year. In the meantime the S. A. had opened fire in the town and began to preach 'holiness unto the Lord.' I was a constant attendant at the meetings, and felt the Lord had chosen me to be a soldier, and finally gave in to my convictions and made a complete surrender. The devil was in a rage, but God was pleased, and I am happy. He has kept me steadfast ever since. I am rejoicing to-day in a salvation which is precious, definite, and complete. Bless the name of the Lord."

Sec. S. Seekins.

Band of Love Sergt.-Major Mrs. Stone was saved six years ago, but never had the courage to take her stand for God until about twelve months ago, when she was enrolled as a soldiers of Jamestown corps. Since that time she has proved a faithful soldier and worker. She has charge of the Band of Love, and is doing her best with the children, having Mrs. F. Birks as assistant. Both are bound to bring this branch of our work to the front.—F. Dean, Adjt.

B. of L. S.-M. Mrs. Stone.

J. S. S.-M. Perkins writes his testimony: "I was converted in Jamestown in September, 1897, become a soldier in January, '98. I am thankful to God that I came under the influence of the Salvation Army. Before conversion was a slave to the drink habit and its attendant evils, but since conversion have amply proved the power of God to keep me."



J. S. S.-M. Perkins.

A POINTER.

Capt. T. Bloss sends the following lines with a card reprinted below:

"The card which I enclose was published by Sister Abbiati, of Barre, Vt., corps. We need to pin it to our War Cry, and it was surprising the effect which it had upon the people as I took the War Crys around. I would like for you to put it in the War Cry, and just mention the good derived from it. It made business men stop and think, and I had many a chance of talking to them through this."

Front of Card.

ETERNITY! WHERE?

ETERNITY! WHERE? Oh! ETERNITY! WHERE?
With redeemed ones in Glory, or fiends in despair?
With one or the other—"ETERNITY! WHERE?"

"ETERNITY! WHERE?" Oh! how can you share
The world's giddy pleasures, or heedlessly dare
Do aught till you settle—"ETERNITY! WHERE?"

"ETERNITY! WHERE?" O friend, have a care:
Soon God will no longer His judgment forbear;
This day may decide your—"ETERNITY! WHERE?"

ETERNITY! WHERE? Oh! ETERNITY! WHERE?
Friend, sleep not, nor take in the world any share,
Till you answer the question—ETERNITY! WHERE?

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Back of Card.

Dear Soul, LOOK HERE!

Will you read, and take HEED? A sinner is a person who does not LOVE GOD.

He ought to repent without delay.

God says, "Son, give Me thine heart." "Repent, and believe the Gospel." "The WICKED shall be turned into HELL." Sinner, will you begin to pray? "Whosoever will may come."

HASTEN, O MAN! Hasten to find the Saviour. GOD IS LOVE, and wants you to love and obey Him.

GANANOQUE LIGHTS.

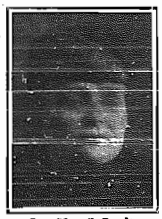
SERGT.-MAJOR HICKS.

"I was born on March 4th, 1877, at Point St. Charles, Montreal. My mother died when I was five years old, and since that time I never had what I could call a home. My father married again when I was nine years old, and soon after that I left home. I started the downward road by smoking cigarettes and reading dime novels, which soon led me further down the path of sin and hell. Once a number of lads, with myself, decided to go on a wandering trip. We left Gananoque the last week in March, of 1896, and hoboed it all the way down to Kentucky. I lost my partner there, but still kept going south. When I landed in Chattanoogo, Tenn., I went to the Lewis mission to stay over night. While there I went forward to the penitent form the second night, because the boys told me I could stay there longer if I claimed to be converted. But it was there that I became convicted, and shortly after I was converted in the Army. I have been a soldier in Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., and also in several corps in Illinois; but never in all my experience have I felt the Lord so near, or felt the need of saving souls as I do to-day. In my new position of S.-M. of the Gananoque corps, I intend to do my best to lift up the fallen and seek the lost."—S.-M. Hicks.

Sergt.-Major Hicks.

SECRETARY IDA LALONDE.

"I was born in Clayton, New York State, and brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. My father died when I was quite young. I always had a desire to be good, and lived up to the rules of my church as far as I could. Still I was never satisfied. There was something within me that told me God was not pleased with my life. In 1885 I went into a Methodist meeting, and heard of the precious blood that cleanses from all sin, and then took Jesus as my Saviour. Some time after that I was sanctified in the Army, and found that my place was there. I have been fighting for God ever since, and as Secretary of Gananoque corps I mean to be true to God and true to the Army. I pray that God will bless me, and use me to the salvation of many precious souls."



Sec. Mrs. LaLonde.

"We ought to make more of our Christian friendships, the communion of the saints, the fellowship of believers. 'They that feared God spake often one to another,' said the Prophet Malachi, in one of the darkest hours of the church. What mutual comfort and renewed hope they would get from, and give to, each other. Faith can be increased, and love stimulated, and enthusiasm revived by intercourse."—Hugh Black.

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"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."—Pro. xvii. 17.

The Poor War Cry Sergeant.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH.

By a poor War Cry Sergeant I mean an unsuccessful one. The following are a few of her characteristics.

The poor War Cry Sergeant sells the War Cry because she feels it is the only thing she can do for God and the Army. She finds herself unable to attend many meetings, cannot march, is too modest to testify or sing solos, and cannot contribute much to the funds. If she did not make an effort by selling the War Crys even her phlegmatic conscience would object and make her uncomfortable. War Cry selling acts upon her conscience like a moral chloroform.

She will be careful not to get her supplies until after all other W. C. Sergeants have obtained theirs, so that she has the best chance of getting the smallest number.

She will not go out early to sell the War Cry as long as she can find some excuse of putting it off till the last moment.

She will be careful to put on a plain hat, without S. A. band; hide her badge under her jacket, and hold the War Crys in such a way that nobody can guess what they are.

She will pay special attention to avoid all familiar streets and houses except such where she knows a War Cry can be sold, and go out of her way to meet any acquaintances except such as are friends of the Army.

She will not venture into a saloon when a crowd is gathered there for fear of being insulted, and she thinks it is useless to go into an empty bar-room. If at any time, under some special inducement, or in a rare moment when her former enthusiasm returns on a flying visit, she takes courage to go into a saloon, she will look stern and very virtuous, so that every one of the guests are impressed with her superiority, and will not dare to address so lofty a being. Needless to say, she cannot condescend to be friendly with the people who sell and drink the damnable liquor.

If a friendly store-keeper is engaged in serving customers when she enters, she will not wait her turn. If the store-keeper should not feel himself sufficiently honored by her presence to buy a War Cry at once she will travel on.

She will never take any small change with her. If asked to change a piece of money she will state her inability to do so, and quickly move on before the intended purchaser has time to suggest that the money might be changed in the store in front of which they are standing.

She will be careful not to read the War Cry, so that she will not waste time in explaining its contents to anybody who might be curious enough to enquire before buying.

When she is asked to sell the War Crys in the meeting she will hold out a copy with her right hand and look to the left, quickly passing down one aisle and back the other. In this manner she will happily avoid seeing any person who may be waving his hand as a sign that he wishes to get a copy, and if others observe his frantic but futile efforts it will effectively prevent them from following his rude example.

If these rules are carefully observed the P. W. C. S. will not soon be again asked to sell War Crys indoors, and in time the Captain will also tell her that he fears her health will be impaired by her outdoor efforts to sell the Cry. This will serve as a good and sufficient excuse to the last scruples still awake in her conscience, which will now go at once to sleep entirely, dreaming of heaven, its golden streets and pearly gates, its music and fountains—until she wakes up one day, very suddenly, to find herself a backslider in the clutches of the dragon Remorse!

N. B.—We speak of the P. W. C. S. as "she," because most of our War Cry boomers are sisters. Should the brothers feel especially flattered I would add that they are, as a rule, poor War Cry sellers, and much too slow to be at all in the running with the sisters, a few bright brothers excepted.

P. S.—In some future issue we will consider the make-up of a successful War Cry Sergeant.

The War Cry.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to EVANGELINE BOOTH.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Capt. Wm. G. White to be ENSIGN.
Capt. A. A. Crego to be ENSIGN.

Appointments—

STAFF-CAPT. AYRE to Lisgar St.

ADJT. THOMAS, Portage la Prairie, to Sudbury.

ADJT. BURROWS to Owen Sound Corps and District.

ENSIGN McCANN, Owen Sound, to Orillia.

ENSIGN BRANT, Ahmic Harbor, to Omemee.

ENSIGN CREGO, Montreal II., to Barre, Vt.

ENSIGN E. MAGEE to Pembroke.

ENSIGN BRADBURY, Arnprior, to Montreal I. (2nd).

ENSIGN W. JONES to be Assistant to Major Archibald, Prison Work.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Editorial.

Recognition of the Army's Work.

The magnificent reception of the General in the Royal Albert Hall, London, Eng., caused wide-spread and favorable comment in the Old Country, and furnished the opportunity to the public press to express appreciation of the Army's work. The public and the authorities in England especially have come to a desirable recognition of the effective social reform work the Army is doing, especially in the world's metropolis, and it is to be hoped that Government aid will be more freely given. In this respect the colonies lead the way again. Australia, in particular, as well as South Africa and Canada, substantially subsidize various branches of the Army's work, which has, in many respects, relieved the country of the charge and support of paupers, criminals, and unfortunates, as well as produced from the "waste products of society," to use the General's phrase, useful and respectable citizens, at a trifling expense. There is no social reform agency so successful and so economical as the Army, and the government which is not slow to aid the Army in these efforts will find the money given to this purpose a lucrative investment.

Self-Denial Week.

Self-Denial Week is rapidly approaching. This year's dates for the Territory are from May 24th to 31st; for Newfoundland and some far-away localities, a change of dates has been consented to.

That this annual effort will meet with as substantial results as in former years need not be doubted. In the first place, the General's recent visit has called, in an extraordinary manner, public attention to our work, and freshly opened fountains of sympathy. Then the general prosperity of the country not only makes the people more generously disposed, but gives those who like to help the Army better opportunity to do so. Lastly, our own soldiers are in a better position to assist with their own substance, and will not be slow to seek to return in this manner some of the untold blessings God has given them in and through the Army.

The target for the Territory has not been placed above reach—$27,500 is a sum that can be reached, and if $30,000 should be the grand total it would not come as a great surprise, as the energetic efforts already displayed by all ranks, from the Provincial Officers downward, lead us to expect remarkable triumphs.

Yorkville's Nine Days.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Manton have started a nine-days' soul-saving campaign at Yorkville, with splendid results so far. The meetings were A 1 on Sunday. Two souls were sanctified, and many others greatly blessed in the morning meeting. The afternoon was an inspiring time, with a good climax at night, when two backsliders returned to the fold amid general rejoicings on the part of the Yorkville soldiers, who received the penitents back into the fold while heartily singing a well-worn, but still popular, favorite, "There's a welcome home, a soldier's welcome home," etc.

Faith and expectations are high, and the soldiers and friends are making the meetings a special matter of prayer.

Brigadier Pickering at the Temple.

(Special.)

The meetings at the Temple on Sunday last were quite up to the mark in every respect.

The night meeting was one of special interest, owing to the presence of Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, Provincial Officers of the C. O. P.

His talk on, "Will a man rob God?" was listened to with rapt attention, and made a deep impression on the audience. A well-fought battle resulted in the salvation of three souls. The band did good service, and is steadily improving.—B.

C. O. P. Revivalists at Midland.

(By Wire.)

We arrived at Midland safely and went to work at once to make the very best of our opportunity. Our week-end meetings were grand, both inside and open-airs. Large crowds attended, and demonstrated their appreciation of our presence with them by giving very generously in the collection. We give God the glory for five precious souls who knelt at the mercy seat and gained salvation. We are going in for a mighty time this week. All well.—Adjt. W. E. Parsons.

Territorial Newslets.

The J. S. Annuals in the city of Toronto have been singularly successful. On Monday night the sale of work done by the Temple Band of Love members amounted to over $18, in addition to a good offering. The sale was preceded by an excellent program rendered by the juniors. This is an accomplishment worthy of being copied.

The offering at Riverside for the Monday night amounted to the grand sum of $18.

The Central Ontario Spring Councils, at St. Catharines, conducted by Brigadier Pickering, were times of salvation and blessing. Forty-five knelt at the mercy seat, among them being some ex-soldiers who used to be noble-hearted warriors. Forty-five officers took part in the meetings.

The old S. A. barracks, at Listowel, has been burned. It is a consolation to know that our new building is nearly completed and ready for occupation.

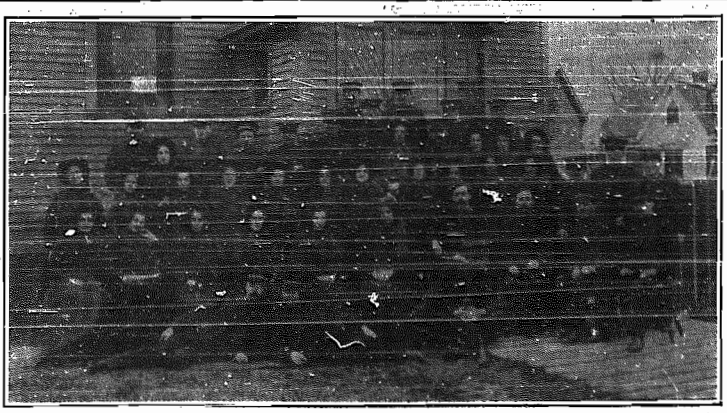
Quoting from the Pacific Province paper, in our Cry dated April 18th, we gave the amount of $101.50 for the G.B.M. returns last quarter in the Pacific; Adjt. Andrews now states the amount is really $195.50, which is a splendid total.

It is as pleasing as it is interesting to know that the Dunlop Tire Company despatched to the Salvation Army in Hamilton, Stratford, and Belleville some of the coveted 25c. pieces bearing their trade mark, but the coins evidently escaped the notice of the treasurers, as they were returned by other parties to the Company. We have, however, to acknowledge the kindness on the part of the Dunlop Tire Company in giving the S. A. the first opportunity of realizing a $5 bill on the coins.

Proposals are under consideration for new barracks at North Bay and Burk's Falls. Both corps badly need them.

Western Newslets.—Adjt. Alward has just received the painful news that his mother has passed away; it is all the more sad when we know that the Adjutant has lost his father also, all within a year. God bless our comrade. Remember him at the Throne.—|—Adjt. Thomas, after years of faithful toil in the North-West, is being transferred to the Central Province. —|—Adjt. Wakefield is said to be looking better than he has done for many years. He reports things on the up-grade at Brandon. We regret that Mrs. Wakefield's health is still very unsatisfactory.—|—Capt. Lacey took advantage of President Roosevelt's visit to Moorhead, and started in right away in the interests of S.-D. He netted a neat little figure. That was a good stroke, Captain.

The following new and important appointments have been made in the Central Ontario Province: Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ayre to Lisgar St.; Adjt. and Mrs. Burrows to Owen Sound Corps and District; Ensign McCann to Orillia. Adjt. and Mrs. Bale leave us, with best wishes, for the U. S. A.



Brigadier and Mrs. Pickering, with Officers of the C. O. P. Assembled at St. Catharines for Councils.

SELF-DENIAL.

To Officers, Soldiers and Friends of the Salvation Army.

BY THE GENERAL.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—

Some seventeen years have passed since the thought first occurred to my mind of setting apart a particular week for the special practice of self-denial in the interests of the Army.

It was one of those sudden suggestions that might almost be described as an inspiration. I felt it was the right thing from the first moment, and those about me at the time felt the same. With our own people it caught on right away. The first effort produced $18,500, and it continued to grow in volume and popularity from year to year. Then it spread from land to land, appreciated and welcomed everywhere.

The proceeds of last year's effort for your Territory amounted to $27,550.84. For a people so poor in this world's goods, as we are well known to be, a system by which so generous a sum is thus placed at the service of our Lord, is generally felt to be a remarkable achievement. If no one else thinks so, I do, and I give God glory.

Here the question may be raised: What has been done with the money already contributed from year to year? To this I answer that it has all been spent to the glory of God, and for the highest and noblest purposes.

By its assistance, many

Hundreds of Officers Have Been Trained,

who are now winning thousands of souls to Christ in every part of the world.

By its assistance,

The Missionary Work of the Army

has been maintained in various parts of the world, including India, Japan, Africa, Java, and the West Indies. In these and other countries, tens of thousands of heathen have been brought within reach of the glorious Gospel of our Lord. Hundreds of them have been saved, and are living lives of faithfulness to His commands, and striving to help and bless their fellows.

By its assistance, many

Hundreds of Drunkards Have Been Delivered

from the dominion of the frenzied craving for strong drink, and are now toiling for the rescue of their fellows.

By its assistance, numbers of poor

Lost Women Have Been Rescued

from lives of shame and depths of despair, and now are living lives of virtue.

By its assistance, numbers of

Criminals Have Been Made Honest,

and are now good and useful members of society.

By its assistance,

The Hungry Have Been Fed,

the naked clothed, the homeless sheltered, the orphans housed, and, what is as important as almost anything else, the spirit of self-denial for Christ and the saving of the lost has been created and cultivated among men, women, and children in the uttermost parts of the earth.

In fact, Self-Denial Week has come to be

A Credit and a Glory

to the Army. Men of all religions, persuasions, and philanthropies, together with those who boast of having no religion, or care little for anybody but themselves, alike admire the devoted self-sacrifice of the Salvationist, while in every direction the effort is flattered and praised by imitations, numberless churches and charities having inaugurated some form of self-denial effort within their borders.

With us, Self-Denial Week has come to be

A Necessity.

A great number of our most important enterprises are dependent upon the supplies it annually brings to their aid. Without the generous help of Self-Denial, the busy work of our Training Homes must come to a standstill; the doors of our Shelters must be closed against numbers of the shivering wretches who count them their home; the regenerating work of our Rescue Homes must largely cease; the voice of mercy to millions on various mission fields must be silenced; while a host of other Christ-like agencies must stay their divine errand.

Moreover, Self-Denial Week has for a multitude of our precious people the world round come to be

A Delight.

It is hailed as a competition of mingled duty and recreation. It is felt to be so simple and easy a method for spreading salvation, alleviating human sorrow, and giving satisfaction to the heart of Jesus Christ, that officers, soldiers, and friends, whether old or young, take equal pleasure in it. It is indeed thrice blessed, gratifying alike the one that asks, the one that gives, and the one that is profited by what is given. Everywhere Self-Denial Week is increasingly welcome.

Now, the question arises:

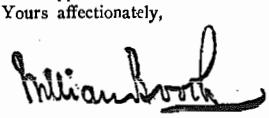
What Shall Be Done

with this wonderful week this year? In the past you have done nobly, and I see no reason why you should not do nobly again; yea, more nobly even than ever before!

My faith will not allow me to expect less than the welcome tidings that you have surpassed yourselves.

You will not disappoint me!

Yours affectionately,



THE ESSENCE OF SELF-DENIAL.

Self-Denial and Real Satisfaction.

Perhaps the highest forms of human happiness, both here and hereafter, are the fruits of self-sacrifice.

Look back on your past history and you will find, I think, that it has been those hours which yielded the most pleasure which at the same time have imparted the greatest satisfaction on review, but rather those in which you battled bravely, and often sufferingly, in darkness and hardness, perchance, in order to receive some higher and more enduring benefit to yourself or (more likely still) some great deliverance for others.

The cross borne to-day in the strife for your own soul's fuller emancipation from evil, or for the deliverance of the bodies and souls of others, may be very heavy while on your shoulders, but the memory of it will make the crown just that much brighter when the hour comes for the Master to place it upon your brow.—The General.

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Save Your Own Skin.

The Christianity of the Salvation Army claims a life of service and sacrifice for the salvation of the world. We hide our faces in the dust when we see that the principles of Jesus Christ's government have made so little progress in the vast preserves of godliness, superstition, and heathendom. To us it is a shameful and an appalling thing that in the heathen world the advances of Christianity lay far behind the onward march of the forces of Buddha and Mohammed. And is it not because the Christianity, especially of the past hundred years, has been so selfish, so careful of number one, so anxious about the "things which are seen and which are temporal," so much a religion of "save your own skin"; while the teaching of the cross, if it was anything at all, was *never mind me?* Is not this the secret of it all?—Chief of the Staff.

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Opportunity.

The little strength, the little ability, the little song, the little opportunity accepted and blessed by Jesus, we shall find again before the Throne among the "little things" Christ used to the feeding of multitudes and the healing of nations. It may be only a look you gave, but it kept a heart from breaking; only a word you spoke, and it saved a soul from hell; only a tear you dropped, but it brought a sinner to Jesus; only a good "Amen!" and the walls of unbelief fell. There—where tears are blotted, words registered, small deeds recorded, and prayers remembered—the weakest and the strongest, and the least and the greatest, officers and soldiers, parents and children, will find how it is that "little things" hold the power to either spoil our lives or preserve them blameless before the Lord.—Commissioner Eva Booth.

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Self-Denial in Small Things.

Do not wait for voices and revelations! This Self-Denial appeal is a definite call to definite action of a definite kind, in which all can join. You have had them by the legion! But you have let them pass for want of knowing what to do with them. The same wind blew aimlessly over land and sea, till somebody thought of utilizing its power by putting up windmills and spreading sails. The same water rolled wastefully down the hillside, till somebody used its force to move the wheel. The same steam rushed through the kettle, till somebody captured it to work the engine.

The wind, the water, the steam—you feel them in your soul as you read these lines. Will you let them dash past into eternity unused? or will you turn their every power to making the very best of this self-denial effort?—Commander Booth-Tucker.

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Preparation for S.-D. Work.

Is your soul full of self-denial? Your hands, I know, will now be; but I am first of all concerned about your heart. The week is to be one of prayer, as well as work. Your soul, your body, and your brain will be best equipped for the arduous toil by communion with God. Spend some time with your Lord alone. Let Him examine your life. Put straightforward questions to yourself. Come not out before the people till you are drenched with Divine feeling, compassion, tenderness and love; till your heart burns within you, and your very face shines with the glory of the Most High God.—Commissioner Howard.

The Army Shelter in Toronto is filled every night to its utmost capacity, and has been all winter. The private cubicles are in great demand.

TRAINING HOME TIPS.

By C. A. PERRY.

Scene I.—Three pedestrians meet on a certain street of this Queen City. Words are exchanged. A man's soul's needs are being poured into the ears of two sympathet'c, earnest, heart-burden bearing lassie-Cadets. "I used to teach in a certain Sunday School," said the man, "but—" Yes, dark days had come. Sin had left its mark, yet there is a remedy for sin and a prayer-hearing God who lives above.

One suggests prayer, and the three kneel, their prayers ming'e, the man himself prays and they rise up. Another word and the Cadets pass on to try and bless another.

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Scene II.—They formed a ring. About twenty lassie-Cadets compose the company, which had halted to make an attack on the enemy. Shots were fired, and, unlike a military battle, the enemy did not appear, but drew nearer as the attack proceeded. In that crowd stood a woman. Was she among the wounded? Some days after two visiting Cadets called at her home. A most cordial welcome is given them. "Saturday night I listened to both the T. H. open-airs," she said, "and I have almost prayed since that someone would call on me that I might unburden my heart." Sorrows were told. She was pointed to Jesus, claimed the victory, and thus the wounded of that night's attack was healed.

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Scene III.—Rap! tap!! tap!!! It was only a Salvation lassie at the door to sell a Cry. Did she succeed? Yes, she more than succeeded, for the man not only bought one himself, but gave extra money, that the lassie could give Crys away to others that need comfort. He told out his own sorrow, for his own heart had been torn, and he felt he could unburden it to the Cadet, and have a sympathetic hearing. How blessed to know that our very appearance sheds the tale of sorrow that finds a ready response in words that comfort and looks that cheer.

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Scene IV.—Who cometh to meet us? This question naturally arose in our minds while marching down the street last night, when a poor woman approached the man at the right of the standard-bearer, and handed him something. It was passed on to me, and there I beheld—five coppers. It may have been meant as "fruits meat for repentance," for scarcely had we started our open-air on the corner near by, when the same woman came and knelt at the drum to pray. She was too intoxicated to embrace salvation, but the sight must have evoked an angel's pity. One of our company was able to get a flask out of her pocket and see it broken in the gutter before she left us, which meant one good deed done if nothing else.

Another old lady at the right edge gave the folks beside her a talk on the "evils of drink," but I'm sadly afraid she did not practice what she preached, for she seemed to be a friend of woman No. 1.

Yes, we meet many strange people in our open-air work, but we try to bless them in Jesus' name.

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Scene No. V.—From house to house they go. Who? Cadet Daniels and his mate. Object: to pray with people. Unlike Daniel of old, they go out to pray with the people as well as at home. A lot of youngsters understand their mission, begin laughing at their doings, but Daniels is the good prophet of old, drove the music and had a nice talk to the little "scamps." He tells them how praying changed him from a bad boy to a good one, and his words seemed to make a good impression. It is hoped some of them may be workers in God's vineyard some day.

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Scene No. VI.—She was under the influence of drink, and this in broad daylight in the "good" city of Toronto. Meeting two lassie-Cadets, she told to them her heart's tale of sorrow. "Tell Jesus about it, as well as us," said the timid Cadet, and the woman, after some more words, expressed the desire to be saved. They enter a habitation close at hand and pray with her, but in the midst of their dealing they found she had an idol on her person in the shape of a two-quart bottle of beer. She was asked to throw it out on the street and give her the drink. "I want to, but haven't the strength," came the reply. "Well, if you haven't the strength to throw it out, I have if you will let me," said the accommodating Cadet. Consent was given, and the street drank up the contents of the beer bottle. "I drink to drown my misery," said she. Then followed a tale of desertion by her husband, and being left with six children, the youngest only two years old. "I have had a heavy heart all day," said the poor victim of the "cup that inebriateth," but ere she went out she felt that God had pardoned her, and peace entered her heavy heart. Her parting words were, "I will trust God for the future, and attend the Army meetings at the Temple."

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The above-mentioned scenes are as sidelights on the T. H. platform of action, revealing some of the work the Cadets are trying to do for the Kingdom. To Him who hath loved us be all the glory.

London War Manoeuvres.

While sitting one evening at tea, having the usual tea-table talk, the Staff-Captain's face with an anxious frown knitting her brows, broke in upon our chatter, exclaiming:

"Girls, whatever can we have special for Easter Sunday? I am afraid we cannot get any of the 'big guns' as I find they are all fixed for that date, and I do want to do something extraordinary."

We were all attention in a moment, as we know well when our superior officer speaks in that fashion something will happen. Different suggestions were made, when suddenly the Staff-Captain's brow cleared.

"I have it," she said; "we will have a monster knee-drill. I shall set my target at not less than one hundred—that in itself will be a good thing. Then, too, we might get up something special for the knee-drill. How would a colored Easter egg, with a verse of Scripture on it, answer?"

"Oh, that is a brilliant idea," we chorused.

"Yes," said the Staff-Captain, "that will be something special; and, girls, we must get to work at once."

During the next two weeks some mystifying and startling announcements were made, which aroused the interest and curiosity of the people to a fever pitch. Sundry visits were made to egg dealers, who doubtless thought we must have some wagers on as to who could dispose of the greatest number of eggs Easter morning, judging from the number we bought.

As my duty was to color the eggs, I enquired one evening if I might commence operations.

"Well," said the Staff-Captain, who, by the way, has not had a very extensive experience in the dye line, "I went to a drug store to-day to buy the dyes. The clerk asked me whether the dye was for cotton or woolen goods. Here was a poser. However, after a little hesitation, I explained we were going to use them to dye eggs, and he recommended me some German dyes, especially made for dyeing eggs, so I brought home some packages. When I opened them there was nothing in the papers out a few grains of something that closely resembled dust. The clerk must surely have made a mistake." Here she ruefully handed me the packages.

The dye certainly did look rather doubtful, but I religiously followed directions, put the "dust" into a cup and poured on some boiling water, and, behold, it gave a very pretty shade of violet.

However, after some experiments, we thought perhaps it would be as well to try some other kind of dye, and I volunteered to take back some German dyes and get some others.

The Staff-Captain directed me to the store where she had made her purchases, and I set out. Arrived at what I thought was the right place, I explained to the clerk our fears, but he very politely assured me we had never got the dye from them; in fact, they never had that kind in their store. Here was a dilemma, and murmuring suitable apologies, I made a hasty retreat. When I got home I discovered I had gone to the wrong store. However, we finally got the right dye, and on Easter Saturday night viewed with satisfaction one hundred prettily-colored eggs tied with little knots of ribbon, all ready for our early morning meeting."

At 6 a.m. we mustered fifty-six strong on the Market Square, all in good spirits in spite of the mud and thickening clouds. As we formed into line, and the band struck up the familiar notes of "Only an empty tomb," rendered in their own attractive style, it made our hearts dance with praise to God for all His blessings.

Passing through the streets with our music and singing, we aroused the people, and many forms appeared and at quickly disappeared from the windows. Someone exclaimed, "See, see the faltering ones, backward they fall."

When we arrived at the Citadel we found a splendid crowd, eighty-two in all, gathered, and a very pleasant and profitable time was spent together. The eggs were much appreciated.

Afterwards one sister, to our consternation, informed us she had eaten hers for breakfast, but as some time had since elapsed and nothing fatal yet occurred, we trust she will be none the worse, although perhaps we should have explained the egg with the verse of Scripture was intended to minister more to the needs of the soul than the body.

We were delighted to see the large number present, although we had fully counted on one hundred. One brother promised to bring out at least eleven of his family, but unfortunately overslept, or our numbers would have been so much larger. Others assured us they were with us in spirit, but I presume spirits don't count, at least without the body being there as well.

Now, Mr. Editor, we have been reading your new War Cry, and notice that the Temple and Hamilton did a good thing with their Easter knee-drill, and we offer them our hearty congratulations, but we do not think London takes a second place. You see, we did not have any "Specials," and the Temple had the Cadets.

If we were to have the same thing over again London would not behind the Ambitious City, even though they do challenge the whole world. But never mind, Self-Denial Sunday is looming up in the distance, and something will happen then that will make folks stare. Staff-Captain Goodwin's war spirit is up, and Staff-Captain McAmmond and his braves will need to stir themselves to get ahead of this plucky little woman-warrior.—Also Dies.

Provincial Revivalists.

Capts. Clink and Bond met us at Orillia, and gave us a good, hearty welcome. They are doing a substantial work here. Seeing we had but one week to put in at this place, we lost no time in getting to work. Our house-to-house visitation was owned and blessed of God, while our meetings were times of much power and blessing. The crowds were excellent, conviction was prevalent, and God gave us five precious souls. We found use for our collectors. The collections for the week were $19.56, and, best of all, five precious souls sought the favor of God.

We left Orillia next morning, and after some few hours' riding through bush and swamp and rocks, we landed safely at Bracebridge, where we conducted our meeting with Staff-Captain DesBrisay and her braves, which was a decided success. The Staff-Captain is doing a good work here.

We left early in the morning for Huntsville, where we had another enjoyable and successful time. Ensign and Mrs. Jeffery are booming things. We also met Adjt. Hyde, our worthy G. B. M. man, who looks well after the personal needs of Lazarus. We wish to thank Staff-Capt. DesBrisay and her assistant and comrades for their kindness during our flying visit to her corps; also Ensign and Mrs. Jeffery and comrades.

We now leave for Parry Sound, for twelve days' campaign.—Jas. Mimms, Lieut.

Eastern Soul-Saving Troupe.

We were just in time on Thursday morning to catch the train for Fredericton. We were afraid we would be too late, as we only had three minutes to spare, and we hurried into the car only to hear someone say the train was one hour late.

Our first meeting was attended by a fairly-good crowd, and all seemed to enjoy the music. The holiness meeting on Friday night was one of the old-times, when the Spirit of the Lord came very near. The Ensign's talk on "Holiness, and How to Get it," brought the people to see and feel their need of sanctification, and ten knelt at the mercy seat. Capt. Lewis farewelled on Sunday night. May the blessing of God go with her to her new appointment.

On Monday the Ensign was very ill with la grippe, and before the week was over we were nearly all afflicted with the same disease. Only one of our number escaped, and I don't know how he managed it at times. However, the Lord was with us, we had good meetings every night, and souls were seen at the mercy seat.

We were over to Marysville for one night only, and gave them a musical meeting in the church. We had a fine congregation, and our music was much appreciated.

During our stay at Fredericton we held twenty-one indoor meetings, with an attendance of 2,305; nineteen open-air meetings, with an attendance of 308; the total income was $83.07, and best of all twenty-one souls came to the Lord—seven for salvation and ten for holiness. We pray that God will bless the comrades here, and give them a wonderful time in the future. The Blaze target is all right.

Bay Roberts District.

I have just returned from Port de Grave, where I spent two nights. I was pleased to present the colors to this corps, and the infant child of Treas. and Mrs. Patten was dedicated in my last meeting. We closed with one soul rejoicing in a new-found Saviour. Lieut. Ridout is believing for greater victories.

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Clark's Harbor has been reinforced by Capt. Crew. A grand revival has been going on here for the past two months. Capt. Salisbury and Lieut. Burt have worked hard, and God has blessed their work and labor of love.

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Bay Roberts is doing very well. Eleven souls have stepped into liberty. We are now preparing for special Easter meetings and Self-Denial, also a visit from our P. O. and Staff-Captain.—A. Boggs, D.O.

Many a morning during the wet months the children's shoes will present a sorry appearance. They may have been wet through the night before and dried into stiff, paper-like states, almost impossible to put onto the little feet. Pour some kerosene oil into a saucer, and with a sponge put as much of it on the shoes as they will absorb. See if they do not become as soft and black as new inside of five minutes. The oil sinks in immediately, so it is well to go over them several times.

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A Nourishing Drink.—The whites of raw eggs are very nourishing. A good way to prepare the drink, according to one who knows, is to break the white into a jar with what milk is desired and shake the two together. A pinch of salt should be added. An English specialist recommends to adult patients suffering from anaemic condition the daily consumption of eight or ten egg whites. They can be taken clear and with ease if the eggs are kept very cold, broken into a cold glass and used at once.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

ALWAYS AT HER POST.

Whatcom.—"Grandma" Ferguson, a faithful soldier of Whatcome corps, died April 1st, at the age of eighty-three. She had been a member of Whatcom corps for a number of years, and was always at her post when the opportunity afforded. Her testimonies were very cheering. Both saved and unsaved. When visited by some of the comrades the day before she died, she felt very happy and was praising God. The next day she fell asleep, safe in the arms of Jesus. A short service was held at the house preceded by one at the hall. She leaves one son and two daughters to mourn their loss.—C.O.M.M.H.

AS THE SUN GOES DOWN.

Pilley's Island.—Brother George Russell, of this corps, has gone to be with Jesus. About four months ago he was taken ill with that dread disease consumption, and during that time his suffering was great, but we always found him rejoicing in the Lord. The last three weeks of his life were the happiest. Calling his mother to his bedside on a Sunday evening, he pointed to the window, and said, "As the sun goeth down, so am I going to be with Jesus." Shortly before he passed away he closed his eyes, and when his mother asked him if he were going to sleep, he answered, "I am going to sleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." These were his last words. It was about twelve o'clock on the tenth of March, when the death angel came for him. We pray that God will bless and comfort the bereaved ones.—B. Dean.

"I AM GOING UP!"

Seal Cove.—It is two years since death has visited this corps, but again we are called upon to mourn the loss of a comrade. This time the home of Bro. and Sister Loveless has been visited, and on March 27th, at 11.30 p.m., their beloved son, Simeon, was called to his reward. He left a bright testimony, and we have every hope of meeting him again on the Resurrection Morning.

Our brother had suffered for five years, and at times the pain was intense, but he was never heard to murmur. He claimed salvation during his illness, and found Jesus very precious to him. A few hours before he passed away, his brother John, who is a soldier, asked him if it was well with his soul. He answered, "Yes," and a little later was heard to say, "I am going up; going up to the skies."—Capt. D. Beaton.

CALLED TO HER REWARD.

Wild Bight.—Our dear comrade, Lily Brown, aged twenty-six years, passed into the realms of glory on the 21st of March, after a lingering illness. She was a sister to Adjt. A. Brown. I well remember the night she sought salvation, twelve years ago. It was after I joined the Army. I was in a Methodist prayer meeting, and started to sing that song, "He's the Lily of the Valley." The glory came into our souls, and while we were singing nine souls came to the cross, Lily being among the number. A short time ago, at an Army meeting, I was giving out this same song, and spoke of that time, and she being present stood to her feet and praised God that she was one of the nine. Although not a Salvationist, she has been one of our greatest friends, and has been a blessing to us. An Army meeting was the last she ever had the privilege of attending on earth, and I was blessed by her testimony. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved ones.—Sergt. Robert Young.

GONE TO A BETTER WORLD.

In memory of Mr. Moody Stubborne, who was killed in the Coal Mine, Reserve, C.B., April 8th, 1903, and leaves a wife and eight children to mourn their loss.

Father's in heaven, he's left this vain world.
Void his place in our home;
He's gone with the angels to dwell evermore,
But we have no father at home.

Yes, father has gone to a world fair and bright,
Where no sin and no sorrow can come,
With those who're redeemed now he walks in the light,
But we have no father at home.

No more will his footsteps be heard at the door,
No more 'cross the threshold he'll come;
His chair is now vacant, see it stand on the floor,
For we have no father at home.

Poor sister is crying, and brother looks sad,
And mamma is weeping alone,
But I know that in heaven he's happy and glad,
Though we have no father at home.

Jas. Bassingthwaighte, Lieut.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Moses.—Question: 1. Is there any regulation prohibiting a Lieutenant from taking part in the meetings (other than selling War Crys) on Sunday afternoon and night, or are these meetings exclusively for the Commanding Officer?

2. Is the wife of an officer commanding a corps still considered a soldier? If so, should she be kept in the background and seldom allowed a chance to read the Bible or speak in a meeting, especially on a Sunday night?

Answer: 1. To answer the last part of your question first, the Sunday meetings, as any other S. A. meetings, are not exclusively for the Commanding Officer, but are held for the audience's benefit chiefly and solely. There are no rules and regulations prohibiting a Lieutenant taking part, but the general purport of the regulation is that the Commanding Officer should use his assistant in the meeting as frequently as the character and progress of a meeting will permit, and to give him an opportunity to use what gifts and knowledge he has of platform work, and develop his ability to conduct meetings. If you think the Captain has not given his Lieutenant a fair chance in this direction, why not kindly point it out to him privately?

2. Your second question is somewhat answered by the first. An officer's wife is still an officer and holds equal rank with her husband. If not prevented by ill health she should take her respective share in the conducting of a meeting. This is, however, a rather difficult question to answer generally, as often individual circumstances must be taken into consideration, which, if known, may alter the aspect of things. On the whole, officers' wives should continue to take an active part in all parts of an officer's work.

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Worried Soldier.—Question: Should Salvationist go to law with an outsider and sinner?

Answer: We cannot advise you very well without knowing the details of the case. On general principles Salvationists should avoid going to law as far as ever possible, even if it may mean misunderstanding and perplexities. Generally no good comes of it. But we admit that there may be instances where it is not only advisable, but becomes a duty to do so. That would be the case when a third person would suffer innocently, or when a great and good cause would suffer through our not taking the matter to court. If it is only a personal matter it might probably be best to try every other means rather than taking legal steps. Have you prayed much about it? Pray again. If you will write us fully, we will advise you confidentially.

WANTED!

Books and publications are urgently needed for the Ontario and Quebec Home of Rest, at Montreal. Any person desiring to help in this direction will please communicate with Brigadier Turner, 128 St. Peter Street, Montreal, P.Q.

CORPS BULLETINS

Drunkard on Verge of Despair Saved at Mt. Vernon; Had Been Preacher Eight Years but Fell Through Drink—Eighteen Soldiers Enrolled at Halifax I; Six of One Family—Backslider of Sixteen Years Saved at Digby—One Hundred and Thirty-Four Souls at Twenty-Two Corps.

LARGE CROWDS.

Blenheim.—We had good meetings on Sunday, and splendid crowds. We were pleased to have our old comrade, Mrs. Palmer, the Color-Sergeant's wife, with us on Sunday afternoon, although she is still a great sufferer. On Sunday night we were reinforced by Bro. Shillington, a Methodist local preacher, who rendered valuable assistance. A good spiritual meeting was held, a large crowd being present.—Ina Groom.

TWENTY-SEVEN SEEK GOD.

Channel.—We can rejoice over nine more souls for salvation and eighteen for the blessing of a clean heart. We are having wonderful times, and it is better further on.—M. Mercer, Capt.

TWO BACKSLIDERS RESTORED.

Cornwall.—Since last report we have had a glorious victory. Two brothers, who were backsliders, come back to God. The victory was won, and the captives were set at liberty. Praise God! They now testify to the keeping power of God and march in our ranks. On Monday night we had a visit from Ensign Owen. Every comrade and friend were delighted to see him.—S. K.

SIXTEEN YEARS A BACKSLIDER.

Digby.—We are glad to be able to report victory from our small corner of the battlefield. We have recently had a short visit from the Evangelic Quartet, which did not only benefit the corps, but the entire town will reap the harvest of their visit. We have also welcomed Cadet Hannah Brewer, of Halifax I., into our midst. She has already given proof of being a blood-and-fire Salvationist. Our Siege has been quite a success. Seven recruits took their stand to be soldiers, six out of the number have been saved during the Siege. Capt. and Mrs. Ford and Sergt. McDonald gave us a special meeting while passing through to Kentville. We had a real typical old-time, which resulted in the capture of one soul, who had been a backslider for over sixteen years. We will all be pleased to see the Captain and his wife again, and bespeak for them a hearty welcome to Digby corps, especially when our new barracks is erected.—C. B. M.

EARNEST FIGHTING AND FAITH.

Edmonton.—We are happy to report continued progress at this corps. Earnest fighting and faith has resulted in well-attended meetings, and souls for His Kingdom. On Good Friday an enrolment of four Seniors and three Juniors took place. More to follow. We'll fight the battle through.—Chas. Smith.

A VERY SPECIAL TIME.

Ellision.—We had a very special time on Tuesday night. A program, containing songs and recitations, was well rendered, and we had some good selections from the Orange Brass Band. Everyone was well pleased. Lieut. Burry and the writer also sang a beautiful song. We are believing for greater victories.—Amos Hobbs, for Lieut. Burry.

HOT CAKES AND MAPLE SYRUP.

Everett.—We have just had a visit from our T.F.S., Adjt. Andrews. We had a blessed time. His subject, "For Mother's Sake," was very touching. One soldier remarked that it was one of the most powerful lantern services he and ever attended. We all received a wonderful blessing, and join in saying, "Come again, Adjutant, you will always be welcome at Everett." We are having glorious times here. Finances good, crowds on the increase, and best of all precious souls are getting saved. Eight have plunged into the cleansing fountain since the advent of our present officers, two of these were enrolled as soldiers on Sunday afternoon. Our faith runs high for a mighty break in the devil's ranks soon. By the way, the three hundred Easter Crys went like hot cakes and maple syrup before a hungry man.—Frank Thrall.

THE JONES SISTERS.

Goderich.—We commenced Easter Sunday with a march around the town, then we had a good turn-out to the sunrise knee-drill and love feast. We are having good meetings, battling hard against the enemy, and uplifting the blood-stained banner of the cross. The Jones Sisters were with us on Sunday. Their singing and playing on the guitar were much enjoyed by all.—Lieut. Davis.

A NEW GREEN DRESS.

Grand Forks.—With the coming of spring everything is putting on their best and brightest appearance, and we are not behind in that respect, for we have just opened our hall, which has been re-papered and renovated, and now looks bright and cheerful in its new dress of green. We also had a social to celebrate the opening, which was a success. Our officers, Adjt. A. Hayes and Lieut. Eastman, are hard-working lassies. They believe in sparing no efforts to put down the devil's kingdom, and God is crowning their labors with success. One soul this week.—Samantha.

SPLENDID SIEGE RESULTS.

Halifax I.—The work is progressing very favorably in this corps. The Siege effort has been quite a success. A large number have professed to find salvation, and eighteen recruits, as a result of the Siege effort, have been enrolled as soldiers, six of the number being members of one family. We are believing for the remaining two. The spirituality of this corps is rising steadily. Capt. Kitrie farewelled Sunday night, after a season of successful work here. May the Lord abundantly bless him in his future appointment. Lieut. Conrad, who has been here visiting her people, also said good-bye, and goes to an appointment. May the Lord bless her.—Treas. Cashin.

TWO GOOD CASES.

Lewiston.—We thank God for another week of victory, in which five souls have turned from the path of sin to follow Jesus. One of them had, at one time, been an officer in the Salvation Army, while the other had never been in an Army barracks before coming to Lewiston. Both are now taking their stand for God in the Army.—S. M. Sumpter.

SALVATION ON SNOWSHOES.

Little Bay Islands.—Although the weather has been very stormy and the crowds small, we can report victory. On Thursday night one precious soul sought pardon through the blood. We only have a few soldiers here, but they are a good lot. Lieut. Matthews is all on fire for God and souls. Sergt. Oxford called for her to go to a small village to hold a meeting, and although there were many snow-drifts to face she put on her snowshoes, and starting out, after many falls she finally arrived all right, held a meeting, and visited twelve families. God bless her. She is just the one for this kind of work.—C. S.

WEPT THEIR WAY TO JESUS.

Midland.—Victory through the blood! We have had four new soldiers enrolled. God has been with us, and we have seen souls weeping their way to His feet. Two knelt at the foot of the cross last Sunday night, and others felt like yielding, but the evil one seemed to hold them to their seats. We are looking forward to the visit of the Provincial Revivalists, and praying for many souls.—Daisy.

BELIEVING FOR VICTORY.

Minot.—Although no souls have been saved recently, yet God's power has been felt, and we are believing for victory. Ensign McLean has been holding on alone for the past week. Lieut. Pearce has not arrived yet on account of sickness.—C. E. B., for Ensign McLean.

WELCOME TO CAPT. AND MRS. LACEY.

Moorhead.—Capt. and Mrs. Lacey have been welcomed to the command of this corps, Adjt. and Mrs. Alward conducting the welcome meeting. Since that time four souls have knelt at the penitent form seeking pardon. The crowds and interest are good, and the work looks prosperous generally. Last night Adjt. Alward conducted an enrolment, three new soldiers being added to the roll.—One interested.

FELL THROUGH DRINK.

Mt. Vernon.—Since last report God has shown himself strong on our behalf. Our Sunday night open-air was listened to by a poor drunkard, who managed to follow us to the hall, and at the close of the service he came to the penitent form and cried to God for mercy. He was on the verge of despair, had not been sober for two weeks, and had lost his grip, with his clothes and some pension cheques and papers, also considerable money. He had once preached for eight years, but fell through drink. He walked out of the hall a sober man. Hallelujah! The soldiers here are in a beautiful spirit. They fight the meetings through to the end, and are always ready with their testimony.—Capt. Harry Steveus.

GOOD SINGING.

Napanee.—Since my last report I have wandered from Ogdensburg to Napanee. I finished up at the "Burg" with a wedding, which has already been reported in the War Cry. Arriving at this place I found everything all right. Good crowds turned out to the meetings on Sunday, and the people helped wonderfully with the singing. God bless them.—The Maple Leaf.

THE BARRACKS JAMMED.

Neepawa.—Major Burditt conducted the meetings on Saturday night and all day Sunday. A large number attended the meetings. On Sunday night the barracks was jammed. Sunday afternoon one dear boy gave his heart to God. At night many were convicted, but none would yield. We enjoyed the Major's meetings.—Correspondent.

GROWING RAPIDLY.

North Sydney.—The Ensign and Lieutenant with about twenty-five soldiers, held the first open-air meeting here since the smallpox scare. The boom of the drum convinced the people that the Army is really alive and flourishing. Our corps is growing rapidly. We have now about forty Salvationists from Newfoundland, and when these soldiers are fired up with the Holy Ghost the devil trembles. One soul sought pardon on Friday, and one Saturday, night. A new Cadet has arrived at the home of Ensign and Mrs. Parsons.—Treas.

THE LAST ONE SAVED.

Ottawa.—We are glad to relate that God has been working through us by His Holy Spirit, to the saving of sinners. We have been the only remaining unsaved member of Sergt.-Major Webber's family at the mercy seat. Praise God for over! On Easter Sunday we had the privilege, after a hard-fought battle, of pointing three wandering souls to God for salvation. For these victories we ascribe all the glory to Jesus. Our visitors on Easter Sunday were: Ensign Magee, who is on her way to take charge of Pembroke corps, and Mrs. Yake, who was a soldier of our corps in by-gone days. Adjt. and Mrs. Habkirk and Sergt.-Major Webber have just returned from Kingston, where they attended the councils led by Brigadier Turner, reporting grand spiritual feasts. Praise God!—A. French, Sec.

REINFORCEMENTS.

Regina.—The fight is still going on here and God is wonderfully blessing us. Sunday night we were reinforced by the held battery from the country, and closed the day with one soul in the fountain. Bro. Webster, from Petrolia, has paid us a visit. Last Sunday one prodigal returned. We are believing for greater victories in the near future. Our War Crys are sold out regularly.—Lieut. J.

THEIR FIRST FAREWELL.

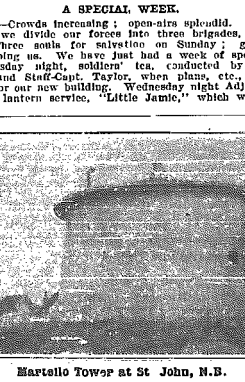
Reserve.—We are sorry to have to part with our first and much-beloved officers, Capt. Pelvey and Lieut. Bassington-thie. Their stay with us was a very short one, but a good work was done. Some forty men and women cried to God for mercy, amongst the number being some of the hardest cases in Reserve mines. Their last meeting will never be forgotten. Before closing we all joined hands and sang, "God be with you till we meet again," and three souls rejoiced over sins forgiven.—Dixie.

A GOOD START.

Simcoe.—We have just taken charge of Simcoe corps. Every soldier is in good fighting trim, and in the strength of God we are in for giving His Satanic Majesty a hot time. Three souls have already come forward, and our crowds are splendid. We are praying and believing for souls. "Never say die," is our motto.—Capt. Fred Burton.

A SPECIAL WEEK.

Spokane.—Crowds increasing; open-airs splendid. On Sunday afternoons we divide our forces into three brigades, with good results. Three souls for salvation on Sunday; good cases. God is helping us. We have just had a week of special meetings. Tuesday night, soldiers' tea, conducted by Brigadier Unigrave and Staff-Capt. Taylor, when plans, etc., were laid before us for our new building. Wednesday night Adjt. Andrews gave us a lantern service, "Little Jamie," which was enjoyed by all. Thursday night, band festival. Friday night, Calvary meeting. Saturday night enrolment of recruits. We are in for victory and must have it. Watch reports.—Original.



Martello Tower at St John, N.B.

WE ARE RISING.

Sydney Mines.—This has been a hard go for some time, but the interest is now increasing. Capt. Lebans and Lieut. Newell have done a good work here, six have been saved and taken their stand as soldiers. On Sunday night the officers farewelled. The Major and Staff-Captain conducted the meeting on Tuesday night. The hall was full, three souls sought pardon, and eight were enrolled as soldiers. Bro. Richardson was appointed senior Sergt.-Major, and Bro. Murray junior Sergt.-Major, while Bro. McPherson takes the position of Color-Sergt.—T. E. West.

PROVINCIAL SPECIALS.

St. John's III.—Sunday was a day of victory. At night we had our P. O., Brigadier Smeeton, with us, also Capt. Trickey and the Cadets from No. 1. God's power was felt. As Capt. Trickey spoke from Genesis vi. 3, many hearts were touched and three sought and found pardon. Monday night the meeting was led by Lieut. Collins, and two more sought salvation. On Thursday night Staff-Capt. McGillivary gave us a gramaphone service. The meeting was enjoyed by all. We are in for victory. S.-D. is the talk of the day, and we are going to reach our target.—L. Hebditch.

A GREAT REVIVAL.

St. John V.—There are wars and rumors of wars here, but, thank God, the victory is on Israel's side. Since last report we have had some wonderful times. The Lord has made bare His arm in the salvation of thirty-six precious souls, and the sanctification of twenty. The corps has been without local officers for some time, and Capt. White, being anxious to have better support, has commissioned fifteen Local Officers, five of them being Sergt.-Majors.—W. Marshall, P.-F. S.-M.

SIX NEW SOLDIERS.

Vancouver.—The Eastertide has been a blessed time to our souls. The special opportunity of bringing the perfect work of salvation to the notice of the people was taken hold of by the officers of this corps in a very creditable manner, and both street-corner and hall were made to ring with the testimony of those who have been washed in the blood. The services on Good Friday were times of blessing. At the evening meeting six recruits were enrolled under the blood-and-fire flag.—H. C. C.

A BASKET SOCIAL.

Whitney Pier.—We are having good times here. On Tuesday night one soul was born into the Kingdom. On Friday night some of the leading lights of Cape Breton were with us, and although it was very stormy we had a march down street and back to the hall, where we had a basket social. For a short time there was lively music and singing, also some addresses and prayer; then the baskets were sold, the sum of $19 being the result. Capt. Clark and Lieut. Wood are well pleased. God bless the Pier.—Sunshine.

TEN AT THE MERCY SEAT.

Winnipeg.—Once again we are able to report victory. Although the Siege is over, yet the influence from the extraordinary efforts put forth are still felt, as they evidenced last Sunday. Our two bands were well filled for the night meeting, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips and Mrs. Slote leading the one, and Ensign Slote taking the other. After a real hard fight with the devil we rejoiced over ten souls at the mercy seat. The meetings all day were very enthusiastic and large crowds attended. In the afternoon several comrades were enrolled under the yellow, red, and blue. At night we divided up into brigades for the open air, and every brigade reported splendid crowds and finances. The city is very full of people just now; there has not, for a very long time, been such a number of immigrants here, and by the help of God we intend to make the very best of our privilege of telling them of a Saviour's love.—Shiner.

Halifax Happenings.

Halifax I.

Since last you heard from this corps things have indeed been on the jump. Last week the D. O. was around the District and reports good progress. In his absence the meetings were led by Capt. Kirk, who made things hum. Nine souls on Sunday night was a fine catch, and such a jubilant time was hard to limit.

This week the speed has not been slackened. Ten more souls on Sunday and one on Tuesday. One pleasant feature of the revival was that a whole family—father, mother, two daughters, and two sons—professed salvation, and are all enrolled under the good old Army flag to work for God.

On Thursday night all the city Salvationists united at this corps for a great special gathering, led by Major Howell, assisted by Staff-Capt. McLean, of Glace Bay; Adjt. Williams, of Springhill, and Adjt. Carey, of Moncton. The brass and string bands are a great lever to the corps.

Halifax II.

is not behind in the grand work of soul-saving. Five souls sought salvation on Sunday night, at the meeting led by Capt. Janes, who was in the city on his way to the flourishing corps of Dominion. The hall was full and the collections away up. Since Capt. Hawbold and Lieut. Richards took charge thirty-five souls have professed salvation.

This corps is called "The Grocery Shop," and you would not think that any exaggeration if you could call in on Sunday nights. No, II. is all right, and greater things are yet coming from that quarter.

Halifax IV.

Capt. Vaudine is still fighting single-handed, but the indicator points towards Lieut. McLean coming next week. Two backsliders came back to the fold on Sunday night, and the Captain rejoices and says they are good cases. There are some real good warriors here.

Dartmouth.

Great news comes from this fort. Capt. Smith and Lieut. White are doing a good work, and have recently been rewarded by seeing souls saved.

The Salvation Harbor

is doing a rushing business. During the past month the officers and employees have been kept on the jump to attend to the needs of the customers. Judges, lawyers, doctors, and ministers of all denominations, instead of turning the poor away from their doors empty-handed, give them orders to get food and lodging at the Harbor. They tell the Ensign it is a great consolation to them to know that their money goes for what it is intended. Besides this class, a great supply of working men patronize the Harbor, as the prices are within their reach. This institution has proved a refuge for many a poor unfortunate man, and is still getting on better footing to do more.—Burning Bush.

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The day on which the housefull mattresses and pillows are renovated is an occasion of dread in the housewife on account of the dust which fills nostrils and throat, causing such unpleasant irritation. The laudably of a country boarding house has a method that is so simple that it is a wonder other women have not thought of it. She produces from the closet a brunt-brimmed sailor hat, pins it firmly on her head, covers herself in it with a chiffon veil, as if to keep away mosquitoes, and then goes to work.

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Fringed table-linen is not a good choice for daily use. Napkins and tablecloths intended for common service should be hemmed by preference. For everyday use hemmed towels are best, also. The fringe "snaps off" with wear. A new comb with coarse teeth is useful to keep in order the fringes of doilleys, napkins, towels, and counterpanes.

Canadian Cuttings.

Plans have been got ready at Montreal for the elevation of the Grand Trunk tracks from St. Henri to Bonaventure station, which will cost two and a half million dollars.

The Hamburg-American Liner Assyria, with 1,100 immigrants, arrived at Halifax from Hamburg.

Four miners were killed by an explosion of gas in the French slope at Reserve mine, at Glace Bay, N.S.

It is announced that the Canadian Northern will build another elevator at Port Arthur this summer with a capacity of three and a half million bushels. It will be fire-proof and of the same class as the present storage elevator.

The King's birthday will be observed on May 25th.

The Ontario Government has decided to erect an asylum for epileptics at Woodstock.

The application of the Canadian Marine Association for the removal of the steamboat inspection fees will be acceded to.

A small riot took place over the unloading of the Carrigan Head, when 300 men paraded to the ship's quarters at Hochelaga pier, but, apart from the throwing of a few stones, no violence resulted.

U. S. Siftings.

Passengers on the Burlington train were robbed of $1,000 as the train was leaving the Burlington station, at Lincoln, Neb. The robbers went through the immigrant sleeper, and then escaped.

The germ that causes small-pox is said to have been discovered by a Harvard professor of medicine.

A number of U. S. army officers in Alaska will be court-martialled on charges of selling commissary supplies for their own profit.

In an official report, General Miles cites many cases of atrocities committed by United States troops in the Philippines.

Eleven men were killed, and twenty-five injured in a train wreck near Buffalo, Kansas.

Liquor dealers and users of intoxicants are barred from holding office in Ohio cities. According to Section 160 of the municipal code, "No person habitually using intoxicating beverages to excess will be appointed to or retained in office, appointment or employment to which the provisions of the merit system as provided in this act are applicable; nor shall any vendor of intoxicating liquors be appointed or retained."

British Briefs.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer announces that the import duty will remain in force until July.

Two British officers and thirteen men were killed and four officers and twenty-eight men wounded in additional fighting in Somaliland.

Five British soldiers at Pretoria were sentenced to death for taking part in a riot in which one military policeman was killed and sixteen wounded.

The British Government has decided not to participate in the Bagdad railway scheme.

Part of the British force in Somaliland was defeated, ten officers and 180 men, out of 230, being killed.

The Landowners' Convention at Dublin decided to support the Irish land bill.

The plague has reached Indore, India, and from thirty to fifty die of it daily.

Lord Lyneden's Parliamentary party will visit Toronto Exhibition during their tour in Canada.

International Items.

It is reported that the Sultan of Morocco has abdicated in favor of his brother, Muley Mohammed.

Fifteen persons were frozen to death during Sunday's snowstorm in various parts of Silesia, Prussia.

China will pay the Boxer indemnity in gold.

Dreyfus has asked the French Minister of War to re-open and investigate his case.

The Tageblatt, of Berlin, printed a wireless telegram sent by a correspondent from a moving train between Berlin and Zossen.

Turkey has decided to place nearly one-quarter of a million troops in Macedonia.

Ten workmen engaged in making a tunnel on the Mexican Central's extension at Tuxpan, in the State of Jalisco, have lost their lives in a cave-in caused by several earthquake shocks coming in rapid succession.

It is reported that Tetuan is in danger of being taken by the Moroccan rebels.

A Hungarian soldier was arrested in connection with an alleged plot among Hungarian troops to murder Emperor Francis Joseph during the military manoeuvres.

According to tradition, April 21st was the 2,656th anniversary of the foundation of Rome, termed Rome's birthday.

A Chinese desperado in Kwangtung, who confessed to sixteen murders, was decoyed into Shunteh-Hsien by a man whose father he had murdered, and when he confessed to so many crimes it was decided that decapitation was too lenient a punishment, and he was crucified. He was nailed by his hands and feet to a wooden cross, and placed on one of the city bridges as a warning to malefactors. He lingered for three days, when he succumbed to his terrible suffering. After death the body was decapitated.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has donated $1,500,000 for a permanent "temple of peace" for the arbitration court at The Hague.

Despatches from Paris indicate that Dreyfus' request for an investigation of his case by the Minister of War will be granted.

Russia's demand for sovereignty over Manchuria has caused great excitement in Japan, and three Japanese warships have been ordered to Newchang.

Twenty-five Jews were killed and 275 wounded during anti-Semitic riots at Kishency, Bessarabia, Russia.

It is reported that the Judges appointed under the Turkish reform scheme are being terrorized by the Albanians.

The German Government has decreed the expulsion of Mormon missionaries.

Further measures have been taken to emphasize Russian domination in Finland.

"We have been free men for 700 years," said a well-known Finn, "but to-day we have become Russian serfs." The correspondent goes on to recall the fact that Governor Bobrikoff returned to Finland with authority to drive into exile, without legal process, anyone whose presence in the country he regarded as objectionable.

Elaborate preparations are being made in Paris to greet King Edward.

It is reported that President Loubet, of France, will visit Britain in July.

A new sect, similar to the Boxers, has assumed enormous proportions in Kiang-Naoin. Eighty per cent. of the population already are members, including many soldiers and officials. A wholesale rising of the population against foreigners is expected, and the Mandarins are using their influence thereto.

Many disturbances resulting from the dispersing of unauthorized congregations occurred in France.

It is estimated that 400,000 people lined the streets of the route followed by King Edward on the occasion of his arrival at Rome.

BERMUDA BREEZES.

The Last Meetings of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp on the Islands.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp continued their tour to Southampton, that plot of pasturage shepherded by Capt. McWilliams. Like the other corps, this three-days' visit was signally blessed and owned of God. The first night brought a prodigal home, while at the soldiers' meeting on the following night some nine of the comrades came to God for definite cleansing. Hallelujah! The Thursday was the finish, bringing in the various officers from surrounding corps, as well as soldiers and the Hamilton Brass Band. A good musical meeting and a packed house was the result, and although the finish brought a splendid address from the Colonel, full of spirit, yet none would yield. Fruit must come, and God will yet be glorified in this place.

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Hamilton saw the last of the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp on the Friday, when officers and soldiers told of blessings received during their visit, and the crowds in the place stood to their feet when the D.O. asked a testimony for blessings received and a repeat visit requested. The same thing happened when the Colonel read the Commissioner's letter of regret at being unable to visit the Bermudas at this time. When asked to send a token of loving regard and urgent request for a visit, the audience stood and cheered. This meeting finished up with souls.

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We have been much cheered and blessed by the tour of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, and will long treasure their counsel and words of encouragement to us in our sea-girt enclosure, and will look forward with great expectancy to their return. There will be a good welcome when that time comes.

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Ensign Piercy, the G. B. M. Special landed amongst the lilies and assisted the Colonel in his meetings very materially with his singing, as well as Lieut. Corkum and Capt. Hebb in their duets and trios. The Ensign has visited St. George's and Hamilton in the behalf of Lazarus, and has had a very good time in the way of finances and crowds. He is getting hold of some good agents, and we are believing for this branch coming round again.—A. Crichton, D.O.

Riverside J. S. Annual.

(Special.)

Glorious meetings all day Sunday at Riverside, conducted by Adjt. and Mrs. Sims, the J. S. Secretaries.

The J. S. work was brought to the front all day; the juniors sang, and the Local Officers testified to the blessings received through the work.

The power of God was felt in all the meetings, and four souls sought and found the Saviour. Praise the Lord! Collections all day highest for six months. The band is doing fine and helps to make the work go better.

Monday night Juniors' Annual huge success. Read report in Young Soldier.—Interested One.

"For as yellow gold is tried by fire, so do moments of adversity prove the strength of friendship. While fortune is friendly and smiles with serene countenance, crowds surround the rich; but when heaven's thunder rolls they vanish, nor has he one who knows him, though lately encircled by troops of boon companions."—Ovidius.

The Religious Telescope says: "'No man shoots higher than he aims.' In personal, social, civil, and religious life, low aim is a crime. Failure may be pardonable, but low aim in life merits perpetual condemnation. Any progress towards a high ideal is a victory. Achieving a low aim is worse than failure; it is self-degradation. Every truly lofty ideal is both sane and in accord with common sense and good judgment. To be a day-dreamer, or a builder of air-castles, is not characteristic of the youth or the man of high ideals."

OUR GLOBE GIRDLING ARMY

Great Britain.

April the 10th, as many of our readers will know, was the day on which our beloved General celebrated his 74th birthday. Needless to say, the General has received loyal and affectionate greetings and congratulations from all parts of the globe.

Seventy-four years ago he first saw the light at Nottingham, and since then his name has become a household word.

The late Sir Henry Parkes once said of him: "General Booth has conquered the world with no other weapon than the simple beauty of the Christian religion, with the most potent weapon in the world, with love—love for poor, suffering, sinning, humanity."

As the General loves humanity, he is loved in return. Some men are esteemed, some admired, some are regarded with fear or contempt, and some are cordially hated.

The General stands almost alone. He is loved. The hearts of a million followers—"black and white and every kind"—are held to him by the cords of love. He has written the following note of thanks in response to the many messages received:

"Comrades and Friends,—I thank you for the loving assurances of your prayers and wishes for my continued life and usefulness that are flowing in upon me from every part of the world on the occasion of my seventy-fourth birthday.

"To answer them personally, one by one, as I could wish, would be difficult, if not impossible. Please, therefore, accept this expression of my gratitude.

"Your affectionate confidence is the chief joy of my life, and to deserve it most fully my highest ambition. I love you, trust you, glory in you, and commend you constantly to the care and keeping of my Heavenly Father.

Birthdays remind us of the solemn fact that time is flying, and that the end of our opportunities is at hand. Oh, for grace and courage to improve every moment, so that at last we may hear the glad 'Well done!' of the Saviour Lord.

"Yours, as ever and for ever,—WILLIAM BOOTH."

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Our Intelligence Department at International Headquarters is growing rapidly in usefulness. During one month about two hundred cases were dealt with, concerning which eight hundred letters were received, and about one thousand despatched.

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"The welcome to General Booth at Albert Hall," said the London Advertiser, "was a striking and remarkable tribute to the boundless zeal and energy of a man and a movement that have withstood the fire of ridicule and the scoffer's gibe, and grown apace in spite of both."

◆ ◆ ◆

Three big audiences, embracing from ten to twelve thousand people, listened to mighty appeals by the General in the Empire Theatre, Glasgow, on Easter Sunday. No less than 106 sinners and backsliders surrendered to God in the meetings.

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Since the beginning of December our two City Colony Soup-Kitchens have provided over 135,000 free meals of soup and bread to homeless people.

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At the Blackfriars Free Breakfast meeting on a recent Sunday, Mrs. Colonel Sturgess saw from her position on the platform a lad, apparently about sixteen years of age, who did not rise to sing with the others, and seemed to be in distress. When spoken to, the boy began to sob bitterly, and immediately afterwards fainted.

He was at once taken outside, and Mrs. Sturgess saw that he was given some suitable nourishment and put to bed. Later on, it transpired that the lad had run away from his home in a London suburb, and had been bedless and practically foodless for two days and two nights.

Next day, the lad was very repentant, and willingly accompanied a Salvationist to his home, where his distressed parents welcomed him with open arms. He professed conversion before leaving the Shelter.

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The North London Province includes 256 corps, circles, and societies, commanded by 376 officers.

United States.

An engineer on the railroad, who had left his wife and child for a week, found himself in Muncie, under the influence of drink and drugs. He had spent over $100 in gambling. He was attracted by the Army's open-air meeting and got well-saved, kneeling at the drum-head. The Captain afterwards got him cleaned up, and took him to the train to return to his family.

◆ ◆ ◆

A few weeks ago Mrs. Capt. Riddle and a comrade were out seeking an old couple that they heard were in need. When they arrived at the house they were met at the door by the old man, who exclaimed, "God bless you! I knew the Lord would send someone. We were just praying for God to send help, and I looked out of the window and saw you coming, and I said, 'Cheer up, Martha, here comes the Salvation Army!'"

Ensign Sterling, the Sweet Singer of Maoriland.

They were found to be in great need, so they were provided with a good dinner, and have been looked after ever since.

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The Army expects soon to place 100 more families upon its colonies in the United States.

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A prominent business man in Paterson got up a petition and had thirty other business men sign it, who do business directly around the Army's open-air stand, and petitioned the Board of Aldermen to grant permission for the Salvation Army to hold its open-airs in Paterson. Result: The Recorder wouldn't try our case when we appeared before him.

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Two hundred and thirty-five souls and sixteen new soldiers were enrolled in the Texas Division during the month of March.

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A lot has been offered the Army at Greenville, Mich., if it will erect a hall thereon.

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The fittings of the old Y.M.C.A. building on 23rd St., New York City, the scene of some of the most prominent of the Army's early battles in the U.S.A., have been donated to our Social Work in that country. Twenty-two large truckloads have been removed, comprising chairs, opera-house chairs, tables, cupboards, school-desks and black-boards. The building is to be torn down.

◆ ◆ ◆

A company of health officials from one of the large cities of Germany visited the S. A. Hotel at the Braveman Building, New York, and were much impressed with all they saw. They were sent by the President of the Board of Health of New York City. They showed the utmost interest in the institution and put a few dollars in the box before leaving, and were careful to take a little souvenir away.

Malta.

During the last two or three months several stokers and a ship's corporal have got blessedly converted at Malta. They are developing into real fighting soldiers. It is a treat to hear their testimonies.

◆ ◆ ◆

Five new Leaguers have lately been enrolled, one of them a quartermaster-sergeant. At the time of writing, our lads are busy with Self-Denial, and we confidently expect to top all previous records. Mrs. Souter has already collected over $105, and many of the Leaguers are doing excellently.

◆ ◆ ◆

Our latest triumph is a large room for Salvation Army meetings in one of the forts, given to us by the commanding officer. About seventy attended the first meeting, besides a good crowd around the door listening. At the close two men, apparently great drunkards, volunteered for salvation.

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It will be interesting to the readers of the Cry to learn how the Salvation Army was started in Malta.

The Gunnery Inspector had got the right sort of salvation—the sort that made him groan over the sins of his brother blue-jackets. Not that that would have done very much good after all, if it hadn't been coupled with a strong determination to *do* something for their souls at all costs.

"It's *God* they need," he said to himself over and over again, "it's God and His Salvation Army."

We cannot tell you at what corps the Gunnery Inspector found Christ. We cannot tell you what officer had the joy of leading him into the light. He was one of those seeds dropped by the wayside. The Gunnery Inspector got saved, moved away with his ship, and no one knew, but God, whether the little seed would prosper.

The Gunnery Inspector decided to pray for guidance. He didn't know what to do in order to reach these souls. He talked, and prayed, and testified upon all occasions, and God had given the souls of two or three comrades, but what were two or three compared with the many?

He got a loan of a room, and calling his little force together, said:

"Come along with me, lads; I've got a room to pray in, but we must on no account shout!"

God came down on those two or three in a mighty manner, and—well, it was no use, they just had to shout! And shout they did. That room was far too expensive, by a long way!

They next betook themselves to a secluded country spot, and sat down to discuss the matter.

"This chicken's about to bust its shell," said the Gunnery Inspector, graphically.

The others agreed. The next thing was, what to do the with little fowl when it had "bust its shell."

"I'll tell you," said one of the number, who lived on the island, "we'll rent a house, *I'll* take it, and when we've filled it, Headquarters (he meant Salvation Army Headquarters, of course) will *have* to do something for us in the way of looking after us."

The chicken had "bust its shell."

And this is the story of how the Salvation Army took root in Malta.

South Africa.

In visiting our native settlements in South Africa, Colonel Bates was becoming an adept in the saddle. The Colonel has now sailed from the Cape for England.

Staff-Capt. Clark and his interesting Zulu comrades, who for the last six months have been conducting special meetings in Great Britain, and have also paid a flying visit to the Netherlands, are now on the water bound for South Africa.

A West African Cadet who entered the Clapton Training Home six months ago, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, and has gone to South Africa with the Zulu party.

OUR HUSTLERS' HONOR ROLL

A WONDERFUL SURPRISE—EAST ONTARIO NEXT TO THE LEADERS—WEST ONTARIO MISSING—THE WINNIPEG CHAMPION—OTHER LEADING HUSTLERS—THE CHAMPION CADET.

Oh, such a surprise! Just look where East Ontario is. Actually away up next to the Eastern folks. Wouldn't that give you a shock? It really makes me nervous.

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Of course, we must not forget that West Ontario has not turned up yet. They would probably got ahead of East Ontario, but the fact is, so far we haven't heard from them. Bravely done, Brigadier Turner. Would you mind keeping at it, and surprising us all?

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Poor old Central Ontario! To be beaten by West Ontario is surely bad enough, but to let East Ontario get ahead of them is alarming. The only comfort I have is in the hope that it won't last long.

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The champion hustler of the week is Lieut. McCollum, all the way from Winnipeg. She sells the splendid number of 298 War Crys, and that's an evidence that she means business. Will the Lieutenant please do her best and make the 300 mark next week?

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She is followed by Corps Cadet Bishop, of St John I., who rises to 250; Capt. McNaney, of the Soo sells 225; P. S.-M. Cashin, of Halifax I., 202, and Mrs. Ensign Knight, 200. The appreciations of my tender heart are yours, comrades.

◈ ◈ ◈

No news of the Klondike hustlers has reached us yet. We shall be anxious now for information, and hoping for the best. I guarantee the dear old Cry has some warm readers up in Dawson.

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The Cadets are on deck this week again, the girls numbering 10, the lads only 6. The champion again comes from the lads' side of the fence.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

134 Hustlers.

C.-C. Bishop, St. John I.	250	Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Hamilton	115
P. S.-M. Cashin, Halifax I	202	Lieut. Holden, Eastport	110
Mrs. Ens. Knight, Sydney	200	J. S. S.-M. Brown, Windsor	107
P.S.-M. Velnot, Halifax II	175	S.-M. Robinson, Amherst	105
P.S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	150	Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	100
Lieut. Berry, N. Sydney	140	Capt. Ebsary, Truro	100
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130	Capt. Ford, Carleton	100
Capt. F. Clark, Campbellton	120	Capt. Hebb, Hamilton	100
Capt. Tatem, Moncton	116	Sergt. Ford, Hamilton	100

90 and Over.—Sergt. Jones, Halifax I.

80 and Over.—Lieut. Thistle, Lunenburg; C.-C. Day, Glace Bay; Cand. Lee, Kentville; Mrs. Ensign Carter, New Glasgow; Lieut. Backus, New Glasgow; Mrs. Adjt. Cooper, Fredericton.

70 and Over.—S.-M. Dinnie, Glace Bay; Mrs. Capt. Hargrove, Annapolis; Capt. Smith, Dartmouth; Ensign Lawe, Charlottetown; Capt. White, Dartmouth; Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton; Ensign Knight, Sydney; Sergt. Jennings, St. George's.

60 and Over.—Adjt. Wiggins, Yarmouth; Capt. Armstrong, Woodstock; Sergt. Marshall, Halifax I.; Capt. Wyatt, St. Stephen; Lieut. Brace, St. Stephen; Capt. McKim, Springhill; Sergt. Ramie, Bridgetown; Capt. Taylor, St. John II.; Lieut. Stover, St. John II.; Bro. Reid, St. John I.

50 and Over.—Ensign Parsons, Sydney; Lieut. Whales, Stellarton; Lieut. Speck, Chatham; Lieut. Moore, Louisburg; Lieut. Legge, Summerside; Capt. Hamilton, Summerside; Lieut. Newell, Sydney Mines; Capt. Cowan, Charlottetown; Lieut. Wood, Whitney; Capt. J. Clark, Whitney; Lieut. Hillbank, Newcastle; Capt. Forsey, Calais; Capt. March, Liverpool; Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool; Father Armstrong, St. John III.; Sergt. E. Peckwood, St. George's.

40 and Over.—Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow; Capt. Murthough; Houlton; Lieut. Richards, Houlton; Mrs. Ensign Lorriner, Parrsboro; Ensign Lorriner, Parrsboro; Sergt. Jones, St. John III.; Capt. McEachern, Sussex; Lieut. Barnard, Windsor; Capt. Jones, Sackville; Capt. Clark, Fairville; Ensign Sabine, St. George's.

30 and Over.—Sergt. G. Strothard, Hillsboro; Lieut. Gough, Woodstock; Sergt. Mercer, Glace Bay; Capt. McDonald, Digby; Cadet Brewer, Digby; Sergt. Marshall, Digby; Capt. Green, Clark's Harbor; Lieut. Cavender, Clark's Harbor; Capt. Lebans, S. Mines; Sergt. Worth, Charlottetown; P. S. M. Ward, Charlottetown; Capt. Davis, Fredericton; Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton; Capt. White, St. John V.; Sergt. Chambers, Calais; Lieut. Jones, Sussex; Sergt. Grant, Springhill; Sec. Simmons, Springhill; Sergt. Lewis, Springhill; Sergt. Simpson, Windsor; Sergt. Place Hamilton; S.-M. S. Church, St. George's; Sergt. Burns, Somerset.

20 and Over.—Lieut. Grossman, Hillsboro; Lieut. Parsons, Stellarton; Sergt. Pelly, Chatham; Sergt. Engelhart, Chatham; Capt. Reader, Chatham; Capt. Miller, Louisburg; Capt. Kirk, Halifax; Lieut. Bassingwaithe, Reserve; Capt. White, Reserve; Cand. D. Ivery, Reserve; Capt. Greenland, Lunenburg; Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay; Lieut. Strothard, Kentville; Lieut. Haugen, Capt. Harding, Newcastle; Capt. Netting, St. John V.; Sec. Stephens, Calais; Lieut. McKay, Bridgewater; Capt. Tiller, Bridgewater; Sergt. Chapman, Truro; Sergt. Masters, Truro; Lieut. Kenney, Sackville; Sister Esterbrooks, Sackville; Sister Smith, Sackville; Ensign Lamont, D. Cove; Sergt. Sharpham, Windsor; Lieut. Elliott, Bridgetown; Capt. Munroe, Bridgetown; Lieut. Conrad, Newcastle; Lieut. Young, Fairville; Sergt. Smith, Hamilton; Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton; Capt. Payne, St. George's; Sergt. Virgil, Southampton; Sapt. McWilliams, Southampton; Lieut. Corkum, Hamilton; Lieut. Greenslades, Somerset.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

57 Hustlers.

Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	107	Capt. Hoole, Peterboro	117
Lieut. Wood, Ottawa	100	Sergt. Francey, Port Hope	100
P. S.-M. Mulcahy, Montreal I.	130	Lt. Thornton, St. Johnsbury	100
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa	128	Sergt. Thomson, Belleville	100

80 and Over.—Capt. Ash, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.; Capt. Podger, Deseronto.

70 and Over.—Lieut. Doness, Brockville; Lieut. Matthews, Quebec; Capt. Gates, Kemptville.

60 and Over.—Lieut. Allen, Deseronto; Ensign Haley, Sherbrooke; Capt. Burtch, Tweed; Capt. Clark, Belleville.

50 and Over.—Capt. Brimson, Trenton; Capt. Crawford, Prescott; Bro. Clark, Picton; Capt. Bloss, Barre.

40 and Over.—Sister Randall, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Hornbeck, Cobourg; S.-M. Thompson, Buckingham; Mrs. King, Picton; Sergt. Rayno, Barre; Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.

30 and Over.—Lieut. Carpenter, Sunbury; Mrs. Russell, Picton; Mrs. Jewell, Picton; S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa; Lottie Nelson, Ottawa; Mrs. Mulcahy, Montreal I.; Mrs. Capt. Fudge, Campbellford; Sergt. McWilton, Sherbrooke; Mrs. Green, Peterboro; Sister Abiathi, Barre; Capt. Gibson, Newport; Maggie Little, Newport; Sec. Lalonde, Gananoque; Lieut. Austin, Ogdensburg.

20 and Over.—Lillie White, Brockville; Mary Pann, Picton; Adjt. Kendall, Smith's Falls; Mrs. Musser, Newport; Annie Smith, Peterboro; Capt. Owen, Smith's Falls; Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I.; Mary Hodsmell, Campbellford; P. S.-M. Moon, Tweed; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Capt. Ross, Brockville; Mary Billings, Newport; Staff-Capt. Moore, Montreal I.; C.-C. Fraser, Montreal I.; Mrs. Dickie, Newport.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

50 Hustlers.

Capt. McNaney, Soo	225	Ens. McCann, Owen Sound	100
Edith Meader, North Bay	135	Lt. Smith, Owen Sound	100
Capt. Ross, Hamilton I.	118	Ens. Goddindt, Riverside	100
Capt. Calvert, Newmarket	100	Lieut. Chislett, Meaford	100

70 and Over.—Maud Rogers, Hamilton I.; Mabel Milligan, Hamilton I.; Louie Coy, Hamilton I.; Capt. Gall, Lindsay.

60 and Over.—P. S.-M. Jones, Huntsville; Lieut. Hudgin, Hamilton II.

50 and Over.—Mrs. LeCocq, Huntsville; Mary Andrews, Temple; Lieut. Wilson, Midland; Cora Jones, Soo; Capt. Bennie, Midland.

40 and Over.—Capt. Stelliker, Riverside; Lieut. Smith, Riverside; Capt. Fisher, Dundas; Sergt. Dickinson, Dundas; Lieut. Williams, Omemee.

30 and Over.—Ensign Brant, Annie Harbor; Sister Porter, Soo; Lieut. Clark, Kinmount; Sister Taylor, Collingwood; Sister Gibb, Esther St.; Sergt.-Major Ross, Lisgar St.; Sergt.-Major Stewart, Lisgar St.; Ensign Sherwin, Collingwood; Adjt. Bale, Lisgar St.; Sister Corrigan, Esther S.; Lieut. Jordan, Esther St.; Capt. Huskinson, Collingwood; Father Chesney, Collingwood.

20 and Over.—Lieut. New, Oshawa; Capt. Baltrick, Oshawa; Lieut. Wisson, Chesley; Capt. Danberville, Chesley; C.-C. Nellie Richards, Lindsay; Capt. Stephens, Hamilton II.; Bro. Nelson, Lindsay; Edna Quick, Soo.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

46 Hustlers.

Lieut. McCollum, Winnipeg	298	Lieut. Smith, Fort William	100
C.-C. Leadman, Winnipeg	120	Lieut. Wiley, Devil's Lake	100
Lieut. Croser, Fargo	101		

90 and Over.—Ensign Green, Lethbridge; Sergt. Scott, Winnipeg; Mrs. Ensign Sinigar, Port Arthur.

80 and Over.—Capt. Nutiall, Moorhead; Mrs. Capt. Gillam, Rat Portage; Lieut. Lawford, Portage la Prairie; Lieut. Pearce, Grafton; Adjt. Hayes, Calgary; Lieut. Steckley, Brandon.

70 and Over.—Capt. McKay, Moose Jaw; Adjt. Hayes, Grand Forks.

60 and Over.—Ensign Southall, Jamestown; Sister Golding, Medicine Hat; Lieut. Irwin, Edmonton.

50 and Over.—Capt. Cook, Carberry; Capt. Haugen, Prince Albert; Capt. Pearce, Brandon; Lieut. McLean, Brandon.

40 and Over.—C.-C. Johnston, Bismarck; Capt. Kenmir, Minot; Lieut. Karns, Carman; Capt. Livingstone, Dauphin; Bro. Britton, Larimore; Capt. Cook, Edmonton.

30 and Over.—Lieut. Plester, Valley City; Mrs. Capt. Swain, Selkirk; Adjt. Alward, Fargo; Ensign Ferguson, Medicine Hat.

20 and Over.—Capt. Hardy, Moosomin; Capt. Banson, Grand Forks; Lieut. Loe, Minot; Sergt. Bryan, Winnipeg; Sergt. Montgomery, Winnipeg; Sergt. Drummond, Winnipeg; Sergt. McWilliams, Winnipeg; Lieut. Neilas, Souris; Sergt. Burrows, Medicine Hat; Capt. Lenwick, Grand Forks; Bro. Moffatt, Banff; Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa; Bro. Jewell, Emerson.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

Lieut. Knudson, Helena	170	Capt. Gain, Billings	110
Lieut. Fugelsin, Spokane	150		

80 and Over.—Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver; Capt. Hester, Rossland; Adjt. Stevens, Vancouver.

70 and Over.—Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Whatcom; Sergt. Glen, Vancouver.

60 and Over.—Mother Hooker, Wallace; Lieut. Robinson, Revelstoke; Mrs. Capt. Johnstone, Everett; Sister Wright, Everett.

50 and Over.—Mrs. Adjt. Larder, Westminster; Sister Hawkins, Great Falls; Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Great Falls; Capt. Long, Greenwood; Sister Allen, Missoula; Sec. Kenny, Missoula; Capt. Crego, Lewiston; Adjt. Dean, Spokane.

40 and Over.—Lieut. Massey, Greenwood; Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Nelson; Sister Cadwell, Whatcom; Sergt. Tillbury, Vancouver; Sister H. Riley, Lewiston; Capt. Stanley, Livingston.

30 and Over.—Lieut. Bickard, Dillon; Florrie Fogue, Nelson; James Anderson, Revelstoke; Adjt. Larder, Westminster.

20 and Over.—Sister Bushnell, Spokane; Cadet Parker, Nelson; Bro. Salak, Spokane.

TERRITORIAL TRAINING HOME.

22 Hustlers.

Girls (16).—Cadet Slater, 38; Cadet Wild, 32; Cadet Andrews, 32; Cadet Lear, 30; Cadet Kincade, 29; Cadet McArthur, 29; Cadet Lugger, 28; Cadet Stundon, 26; Cadet Glanville, 26; Cadet Donovan, 26; Cadet Thomas, 25; Cadet Till, 23; Cadet Allison, 22; Cadet McAmmond, 22; Cadet Osmond, 21; Cadet Barrett, 21.

Boys (6).—Cadet Groggett, 62; Cadet Penfold, 39; Cadet Davis, 40; Cadet Hamm, 23; Cadet Gordon, 21; Cadet Chorley, 20.

G. B. M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN W. WHITE.

Ridgetown.

We had a good time here. The meetings were well attended, and the income the best for a long time. The comrades are now happy in their new hall, which was formerly the town fire brigade hall, and already a very good work has been done. I am sorry to say that the box returns were somewhat crippled this time by the small-pox scare. Mother Green, who has been a very faithful worker, was hindered by that malady, but I have no doubt she will more than make up for it the next time, as she does not believe in being behind.

Blenheim.

We had a very nice time here, a little improvement on my last visit. Well done, Capt. Allen and Lieut. McColl. The box returns were about the same. Sergt.-Major Rumble looks after the boxes in this place. These comrades also looked well after my temporal needs.

Glenwood.

I just dropped off for an hour or two here. Our dear comrade-agent, Mrs. Newham, looks after the boxes. We had a few words together, a chapter from the Bible, and a word of prayer, and parted again, glad of the privilege of a shake of the hand and a "God bless you."

Then followed a rather tedious ride on a mixed train to

Leamington.

Here I found Capt. Williams and Lieut. Beckenham. We had a very successful time, a good improvement on the last. Mrs. Liebrooks is the Local Agent, and has just made her first box collection. I think she intends the future shall be better.

Kingsville.

This is a new opening, and a most wonderful time we had, too. Brigadier and Mrs. McMillan conducted the week-end meetings, which will no doubt be reported elsewhere. Our lantern service was a splendid affair. The building was crowded to excess, not even standing-room being left. Mother Broadwell, the Local Agent, who has been a very faithful worker, again did well with her boxes.

Harrow.

Brother C. Hener got the loan of the Methodist Church basement, and a lantern service was given, which was enjoyed by all present.

Windsor.

Here we spent Easter, or a part of it, which was the occasion of the opening of the citadel. Although the weather has been so unfavorable it was a good success. Brother Dave Virtue, the Local Agent, did very well again. He has also been a good, faithful worker. Some new merchants' boxes have been put out, so we may look for better returns the next time.

Essex.

I spent the Sunday with Major Rawling, and had a very good time. One or two claimed the blessing, and one sinner professed to get saved. The weather was wet, which made the crowds smaller than they otherwise would have been. However, we had a very nice time. Capt. Crego and Lieut. Hippern are in charge here. The lantern service, owing to the rain and mud, was poorly attended. A new Agent has just been appointed in the person of Ethel Laird, and we hope she will prove herself to be a worthy worker in the G. B. M. work.

I am still well, nicely saved, and going on to victory. Praise the dear Lord for ever!

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ADJT. HYDE.

Fenelon Falls.

Capt. and Mrs. Banks were all smiles when I arrived. We had a fairly good turnout to the meeting. The box-money was a little better this quarter. The G. B. M. Agent seems interested in his work. Look out for greater things next quarter.

Kinmount Circle.

The officers, Ensign McDonald and Lieut. Clark, had things well in hand. There was a fairly good turnout, and all enjoyed the service very much. The box-money was fair. God bless the Local Agent. We are looking for greater things ahead.

Haliburton.

Although there are no S. A. meetings in this place, the Local Agent did well, and the collection of boxes amounted to nearly $7.00.

Lindsay.

The Provincial Revivalists were forging ahead here. My service was fairly-well attended. The box-money was a little down, but it was fair for the winter quarter. I am expecting greater things in the future from this town.

Omemee.

I am met by Dr. Baird and his worthy Lieut. Williams. The showers were falling, which affected our crowd.

Bowmanville.

I was to spend a week-end here. Capt. and Mrs. Calvert were looking forward to a great time, and they were not disappointed. The lantern service was well attended in spite of the rain. Sunday's meetings were good, and one soul knelt at the cross. The G. B. M. returns were a little larger than last quarter.

Oshawa.

Here I found Captain Marshall and Lieut. Scarff. We had a fairly-good meeting but the box-money was a little down.

Uxbridge.

Where I was to have been, but was not. The engine backslid and left the track, like so many people who, after running well for a time, leave the God-given path. I have not heard from these comrades since, so I do not know what the returns from the boxes, though I am expecting great things.

Brampton.

Mrs. Heatley did somewhat better this time with her boxes. The service was fairly-well attended. The officers are full of faith for a great revival in this place.

Feversham Circle.

Capt. Plant was looking forward to a good time but the weather prevented us somewhat. The roads were in such a condition that we could not get around, so I was held in prison for nearly a week. No collection was made, but I am expecting to hear from them in the near future. I also had to miss Owen Sound and Chesley on account of the roads, so I am a little in the dark as to how the returns will come out this quarter.

Collingwood.

Our Local Agent at this place resigned, but I secured a new one in the person of Brother Miller. He is quite a hustler, and has done well for a start. Our services were well attended, and all enjoyed them very much.

Orillia.

Mrs. James, the Local Agent, is quite a hustler. There is only one place for her, and that is on the top, but she is hardly there this time, although she attended second up to the present, realising the grand sum of $12.70, which is excellent.

Meaford.

The returns from this place are somewhat better this quarter. The Agent, Miss Tomlinson, is full of faith for greater things in future. Capt. Oke has things well in hand. Our service was well attended, and everyone enjoyed it very much.

Gravenhurst.

We have no Agent here, but the box-money was a little better than last quarter. A fair crowd attended the service.

Huntsville.

We had a never-to-be-forgotten time here. I held a lantern service for the children, and there were two hundred and fifty present, also fifty adults. Ensign and Mrs. LeCocq have things well in hand. The box-money was a trifle down, but this will brighten up again.

Burk's Falls.

A new Agent has risen up in this place, who is the champion of the Province up to the present, reaching the grand sum of $13.88. I shouldn't wonder if he strikes for $20 next quarter. One of his boxes contained over $7. That's the kind of box I like to get into.

North Bay.

The Agent is all alive here, although the box-money was a trifle down, but it was good for the winter quarter. Our services were well attended, the income being $30 for two nights. Good crowds on Sunday. Three souls at the cross.

Sudbury.

The services here were well attended, and the income for three nights amounted to $42. The box-money was fair, but there is room for improvement in this direction, and the Local Agent will strain every nerve to bring this about.

Parry Sound.

Things are going in this place. The Lieutenant has grown into a Captain. My, what a change! We had good attendance at the lantern service. I secured a new Agent, and am looking forward for something grand next quarter.

Bracebridge.

We have no Agent, and the box-money was low. Our lantern service was well attended, and nearly $10 was realized.

Sturgeon Falls.

Secured a new Agent. The box-money was above last quarter, the service was well attended, and everybody enjoyed it very much.

Midland.

Brother Smith, the Local Agent, is all smiles, and there is nothing equal to a smiling salvation. The box-money was a little down this quarter, but everything is on the move now, so look out for a great increase. A good crowd at the lantern service, and nearly $9 income.

Barrie.

We had one of the best crowds for a lantern service that they have had for a number of years. Everybody enjoyed it immensely. The income was $9.

Newmarket.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the S. A. hall by a good crowd, which listened attentively to the service entitled, "The Way to Heaven."

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

IV.—THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER VII.

CARL THE GREAT.

A.D. 768.

Carl and Carloman, the two sons of Pepin, at first divided the Frank domains; but Carloman soon died, and Carl reigned alone. He is one of the mightiest of the princes who ever bore the name of Great. Carl der Grosse, the Franks called him; Carolus Magus in Latin, and this has become in French, Charlemagne; and as this is the name by which everybody knows him, it will be the most convenient way to call him so here, though no one ever knew him thus in his own time.

He was a most warlike King. When the Saxons failed to send him three hundred horses, he entered their country, ravaged it, and overthrew an image or pillar near the source of the Lippe, which they used as an idol, and called it Irminsul. Thereupon the Saxons burnt the church at Fritzlar, which St. Boniface had built, and the war went on for years. Charlemagne was resolved to force the Saxons to be Christians, and Wittkind, the great Saxon leader, was fiercely resolved against yielding, viewing the honor of Odin as the honor of the country. They fought on and on, till, in 785, Charlemagne wintered in Saxony, and at last persuaded Wittkind to come and meet him at Attigny. There the Saxon chief owned that Christ had conquered, and consented to be baptized. Charlemagne made him Duke of Saxony, and he lived in good faith to the vows he had taken. The Frisians and Bavarians, and all who lived in Germany, were forced to submit to the great King of the Franks.

There was a new King of the Lombards, Desiderio, and a new Pope, Adrian I.; and, as usual, they were at war, and Adrian entreated for the aid of Charlemagne. He came with a great army, drove Desiderio into Pavia, and besieged him there. It was a long siege, and Charlemagne had a chapel set up in his camp to keep Christians in; but for Easter he went to Rome, and was met a mile off by all the chief citizens and scholars carrying palm branches in their hands, and as he mounted the steps of St. Peter's Church, the Pope met him, sayin, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He prayed at all the chief churches in Rome, and then returned to Pavia, which was taken soon after. He carried off Desiderio as a prisoner, and took the title of King of the Franks and the Lombards. This was in 775, while the Saxon war was still going on.

He had likewise a war with the Arabs in Spain, and in 778 he crossed the Pyrenees, and overran the country as far as the Ebro, where the Arabs offered him large gifts of gold and jewels if he would return without touching their splendid cities in the South. He consented, but as he was returning, the wild Basque people—a strange people who lived unconquered in the mountains—fell upon the rear guard of his army in the Pass of Roncevalles, and plundered the baggage, slaying some of the bravest leaders, among them one Roland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany. Round this Roland wonderful stories have hung. It is said, and it may be true, that he blew a blast on his bugle-horn with his last strength, which first told Charlemagne, on far before, of this direful mischance; and further legends have made him the foremost and most perfect knight of the army, nay, raised him to gigantic strength, for there is a great cleft in the Pyrenean Hills called La Breche de Roland, and said to have been made with one stroke of his sword. Pfalsgraf, or Count of the Palace, was the title of some of the great Frank lords, and thus in those romances Roland and his friends are called the Paladins.

But to return to Charlemagne. He had three sons—Carl, Pepin, and Lodwig. When the two younger were four and three years old, he took them both with him to Rome, and there Pope Adrian anointed the elder to be King of Lombardy; the younger King of Aquitania. As soon as they had returned, Charlemagne had the little Lodwig taken to his kingdom. As far as the Loire he was carried in his cradle, but when he entered Aquitania he was dressed in a little suit of armor, and placed on horseback, that he might be shown to his subjects in manly fashion. Wise, strong men formed his council, whose whole work was keeping the Arabs back beyond the Ebro; but he was taken back after a time to be educated in his father's palace at Aschen. Charlemagne had gathered there the most learned men he could find—Alcuin, an Englishman, being one—and had a kind of academy, where his young nobles and clergy might acquire the learning of the old Roman times. Discussions on philosophy were held, every one taking some old name, Charlemagne himself being called David. He strove hard to remedy the want of a good education; and such was his ability that he could calculate the course of the planets in his head, though he never wrote easily, in spite of carrying about tablets in his bosom, and practising at odd times. Latin was, of course, familiar to him; St. Augustine's "City of God" was his favorite book; and he composed several hymns, among them the "Veni Creator Spiritus"—that invocation of the Holy Spirit which is sung at Ordinations. He also knew Greek, and he had begun to arrange a Frank Grammar, and collect the old songs of his people.

No one was so much honored and respected in Europe, and after two more journeys to Rome on behalf of the Pope, Leo III., the greatest honor possible was conferred upon him. In the old Roman times, the Roman people had always been supposed to elect their Emperor. They now elected him. On Christmas Day of the year 800, as Carl the Frank knelt down before the altar of St. Peter's, the Pope placed a crown upon his head, and the Roman people cried aloud: "To Carolus Augustus, crowned of God, the great and peaceful Emperor of the Romans, life and victory!"

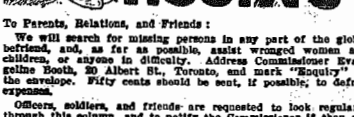
So the Empire of the West, which had died away for a time, or been merged in the Empire of the East at Constantinople, was brought to life again in the person of Carl the Great; while his two sons were rulers of kingdoms, and all around him were numerous dukes and counts of different subject nations, all owning his empire. The old cities, likewise, in Provence—Aquitania, Lombardy, and Gaul—though they had councils that governed themselves, owned him as their Emperor. Moreover, he made the new territories which he had conquered along the German rivers great bishoprics, especially at Triers, Mentz, and Koln, thinking that bishops would more safely and loyally guard the frontier, and tame the heathen borderers, than fierce warrior counts and dukes.

Aachen was the capital of this Empire. There Carl had built a noble cathedral, and palace for himself; and he collected from Italy the most learned clerks and the best singers of church music. His chosen name of David did not fit fit him, for he was a great founder and benefactor of the church, and gathered together synods and Bishops several times during his reign to consult for her good and defence. Indeed, his benefits to her, and his loyal service, were such that he has been placed in the calendar as a saint; although he had several serious faults, the worst of which was that he did not rightly esteem the holiness and closeness of the tie of wedlock, and married and put away wives in a lax way that makes a great blot in his character.

He was of a tall figure, with a long neck, and exceedingly active and dextrous in all exercises—a powerful warrior, and very fond of hunting, but preferring swimming to anything else. Nobody could swim or dive like him; and he used to take large parties to bathe with him, so that a hundred men were sometimes in the river at once. His dress was stately on occasion, but he did not approve of mere finery; and when he saw some young noble over-dressed, would rather enjoy taking him on a long muddy ride in the rain.

He had intended his eldest son Carl to be Emperor, and Pepin and Lodwig to rule Lombardy and Aquitaine under him as kings; but Pepin died in 810, and Carl in 811, and only Lodwig was left. This last son he caused to be accepted as Emperor by all his chief nobles in the church at Aschen, and then made him a discourse on the duties of a sovereign to his people; after which he bade the young man take a crown that lay on the altar and put it on his own head. "Blessed be the Lord, who hath granted me to see my son sitting on my throne," he said.

Charlemagne died the next year, in 814, in his seventy-first year, and was buried at Aschen, sitting upright, robed and crowned, in his chair, with his sword by his side.



To Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 20 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3971. WRIGHT, JOSEPH. Age 63, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair, grey eyes. Was a gentleman's servant in England; came to Canada twenty-five years ago. Friends very anxious.

Second Insertion.

4153. McDOUGALL, PETER. 59 years of age. Left Williamstown, Ont., forty-five years ago. Last known address, Black River, Alcona Co., Mich., U.S.A. Any information gladly received at the above address.

4154. HARRIETHA, DANIEL. Age 27 years, 4 ft. 6 in., dark brown hair, black eyes. Left Louisburg, N.S., for Liverpool, via Boston, Mass., in July, '02. Wife and children most anxious. American and English Crys please copy.

4150. McMULLEN, WILLIAM. Age 75, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair. Native of Nova Scotia. Left Boston, Mass., in 1853, for the State of Wisconsin. Carpenter. Brother anxious.

Women's Social Work.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will all those who desire to enter as officers of the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work, write for full particulars to Mrs. Brigadier Southall, Albert St., Toronto.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Kindly send all donations or subscriptions for the Women's Social and Children's Rescue Work to Miss Booth, Albert St., Toronto, or to any of the following addresses.

Kindly state for which branch your gift is intended.

Rescue Homes, Children's Homes, and Hospitals.

Toronto, Ont., 210 Yonge St. Adjt. Lowrie.
London, Ont., Riverview Ave. Adjt. McDonald.
Winnipeg, 493 Young St. Adjt. Kerr.
St. John, N.B., 26 St. James St. Staff-Capt. Holman.
Montreal, Que., 243 St. Antoine St. Staff-Capt. Ellery.
Halifax, N.S., 71 Windsor St. Adjt. Mrs. Payne.
St. John's, Nfld., 26 Cook St. Ensign Hall.
Ottawa, Ont., 171 Daly Ave. Adjt. Hicks.
Hamilton, Ont., 110 Wentworth St. Ensign Broster.
Butte, Mont., 506 W. Broadway. Capt. Earle.
Spokane, Wash., 720 S. Chandler St. Staff-Capt. Jost.
Vancouver, B.C., 758 Seymour St. Ensign Butler.
Toronto, Ont., 63 Farley Ave. Ensign Crocker.

Coming Events.

MISS BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT A

SPECIAL MEETING

IN THE

Russell Theatre, Ottawa,

Sunday Evenings, May 10th and 17th.

The Red Knights of the Cross Will Assist.

COLONEL JACOBS

accompanied by

BRIGADIER McMILLAN,

will open

NEW BARRACKS AT LISTOWEL

ON THURSDAY, MAY 14th.

(The Colonel will also conduct special meetings on Saturday and Sunday, May 10th and 17th.)

PALMERSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 15 h.

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN will visit Stratford, Sat., Sun., and Mon., May 10, 17, 18.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER PICKERING, accompanied by STAFF-CAPTAIN CASS, will visit Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, May 9, 10, 11; Sturgeon Falls, May 12; Bracebridge, May 13 (S.-D. Council); Lisgar Street, May 17; Lippincott, May 18 (S.-D. Council); Hamilton, May 19 (S.-D. Council).

THE PROVINCIAL REVIVALISTS will visit Collingwood, May 5 to May 18; Owen Sound, May 19 to June 1; Little Current, June 2 to June 10; Core Bay, June 17 to July 1; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 2 to July 16; Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., July 17 to July 29.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Adjt. Hyde.—Hamilton II., May 5; Dundas, May 6; St. Catharines, May 7; Oakville, May 8.

Ensign White.—Strathroy, May 6, 7; London, May 8; Stratford, May 9, 10; Mitchell, May 11; Seaforth, May 12, 13; Clinton, May 14, 15; Goderich, May 16, 17, 18.

Ensign Mercer.—Edmonton, May 5, 6, 7; Calgary, May 8; Lethbridge, May 10, 11; Moose Jaw, May 12, 13; Minot, May 15, 16, 17.

Adjt. Andrews.—Rossland, May 5, 6; Greenwood, May 7; Phoenix, May 8; Greenwood, May 9, 10; Midway, May 11; Anaconda, May 12; Motherlode, May 13; Grand Forks, May 15; Nelson, May 16, 17.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

Saves to the Uttermost.

Tune.—Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 174).

1 Come with me visit Calv'ry,
Where our Redeemer died;
His blood it fills the fountain,
'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis wide.
He died from sin to sever
Our hearts and lives complete;
He saves and keeps for ever
Those lying at His feet.

Chorus.

To the uttermost He saves,
Dare you now believe,
And His love receive?
To the uttermost He saves.

I will surrender fully
And do my Saviour's will;
He shall now make me holy,
And with Himself will fill.
He's saving, I'm believing,
This blessing now I claim;
His Spirit I'm receiving,
My heart is in a flame.

I've wondrous peace through trusting,
A well of joy within;
This rest is everlasting,
Each day fresh triumphs win.
He gives me heavenly measure,
Press'd down, and running o'er;
Oh, what a priceless treasure,
Glory for evermore!

The Bleeding Lamb.

Tune.—*He was found worthy* (B.J. 106).

2 When none was found to ransom me
He was found worthy!
To set a world of sinners free,
He was found worthy!

Chorus.

Oh, the bleeding Lamb!
Oh, the bleeding Lamb!
Oh, the bleeding Lamb!
He was found worthy!

To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God,
He was found worthy!
And save the rebels by His blood,
He was found worthy!

To take the book and loose the seal,
He was found worthy!
To bruise the head that bruised His heel,
He was found worthy!

To open wide the gates of heaven,
He was found worthy!
To Him all majesty is given.
He was found worthy!

What of the Night?

BY CAPT. N. STATA, OTTAWA.

Tune.—*Tell it again.*

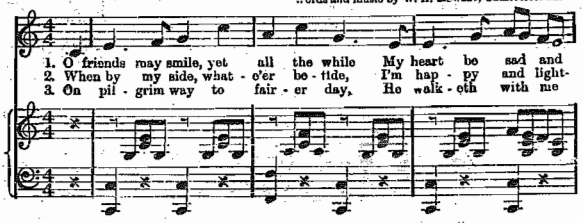
3 The sun is shining, life seems one glad day,
Flowers are blooming all over your way,
Nothing it seems e'er can obscure the light,
But clouds will gather, and "what of the night?"

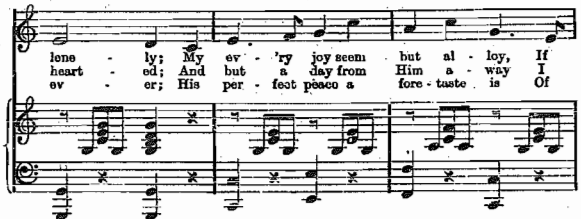
Chorus.

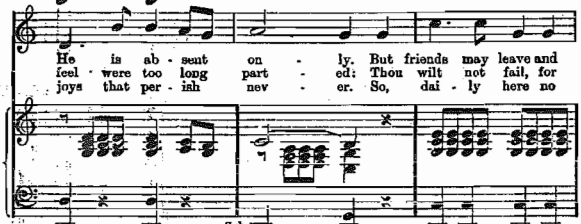
What of the night? What of the night?
Sinner, your life here is passing away;
Come unto Jesus, He'll heal sin's dark blight,
Give you a joy that will never decay.

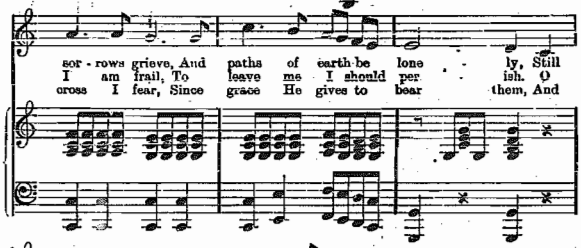
Jesus, Near and Precious.

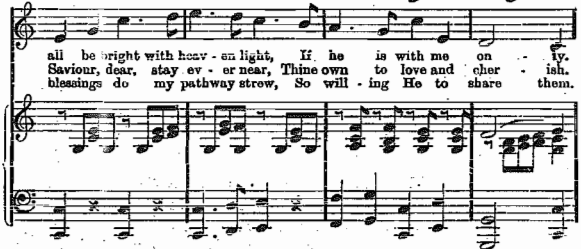
Words and music by W. A. Hawley, Charlottetown.

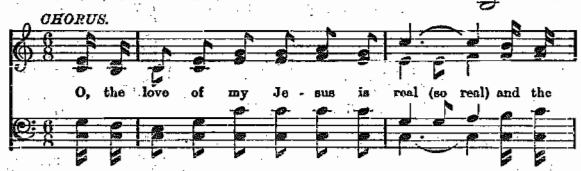


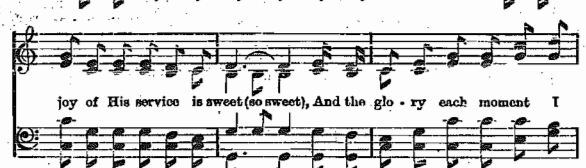


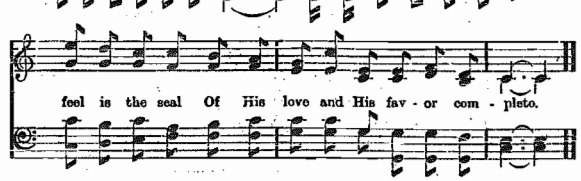












Life will not always be happy and free,
Sorrow will cast her dark mantle o'er thee,
Loved ones be taken away from thy sight,
Then you'll need Jesus—prepare for the night.

Death's stormy waves will soon roll at your feet,
Life must be yielded, e'en though it is sweet;
Then, without Jesus to pilot you o'er,
Your bark will be wrecked on Eternity's shore.

Come to His cross and just now seek His face,
He will forgive you, and then, by His grace,
Help you to live good and pure in His sight,
So that you never need fear the night.

Jesus is Calling.

BY "NED," BEAR RIVER.

Tune.—*Under the good old Army flag.*

4 Dear sinner, come to-day
And wash thy guilt away,
Jesus is calling now to thee!
Renounce the way of sin,
And let Him reign within,
Jesus is calling now to thee!

Chorus.

Jesus is calling now to thee!
Jesus is calling now to thee!
Oh, wilt thou not relent,
And of thy sin repent?
Jesus is calling now to thee!

God's pardon now obtain,
Be washed from every stain,
Jesus is calling now to thee!
Without the past forgiven
You have no hope of heaven,
Jesus is calling now to thee!

Right now come, take your stand
And join our daring band,
Jesus is calling now to thee!
He will a welcome give,
And help you right to live,
Jesus is calling now to thee!

Salvation now is sent
To all who will repent,
Jesus is calling now to thee!
If thou wilt Him confess,
Our Lord will deign to bless,
Jesus is calling now to thee!

Thy puny arms lay down,
And Christ thy Saviour own,
Jesus is calling now to thee!
He will thy fears remove,
And fill thee with His love,
Jesus is calling now to thee!

Crown Him Lord of All.

Tune.—*Crown Him* (B.B. 63).

5 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
And down before Him fall;
To all the world His love proclaim,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every drunkard, every soul
Who hears the Saviour's call,
On Him their guilty burdens roll,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let all our Juniors never tire,
In street, in lane, in hall,
The red-hot Gospel shot to fire,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye soldiers of our God,
And every sinner call,
Make known the power of Jesus' blood,
And crown Him Lord of all!